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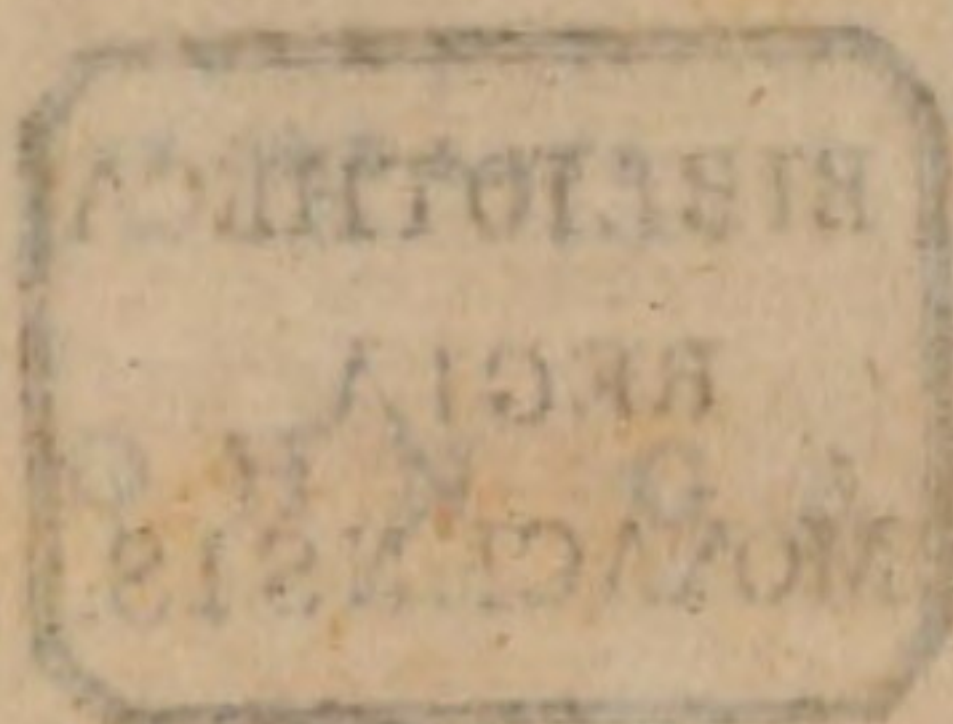
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T H E

BRITISH POETS.



V O L. XXIX.

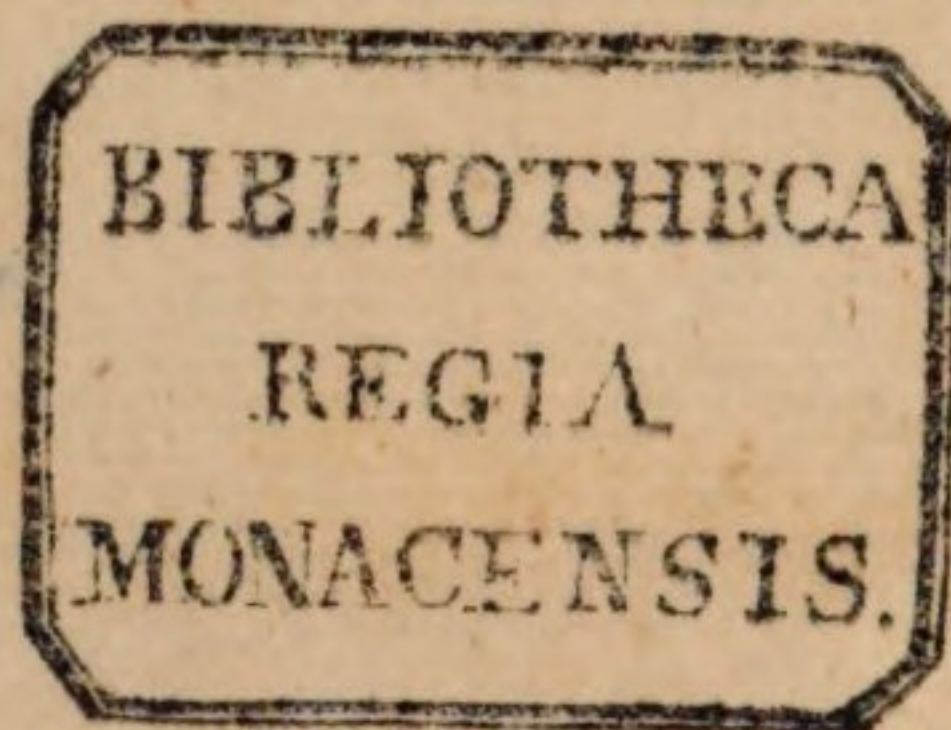
E D I N B U R G H:

**Printed for A. KINCAID and W. CREECH,
and J. BALFOUR:**

M, DCC, LXXII.

T H E

BRITISH POETS.



V O L . XIX

E D I T E D B Y

Printed for A. KINCARD and W. GEECH,

and J. BATHURST.

MDCCLXXXIII

P O E M S

O N

SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

BY THE LATE

Mr J O H N G A Y.

His jocamur, ludimus, amamus, dolemus, querimur,
irascimur; describimus aliquid modo pressius, modo
elatus: Atque ipsa veritate tentamus efficere, ut
alia aliis, quaedam fortasse omnibus, placeant.

PLIN. EPIST.

VOLUME I.

E D I N B U R G H:

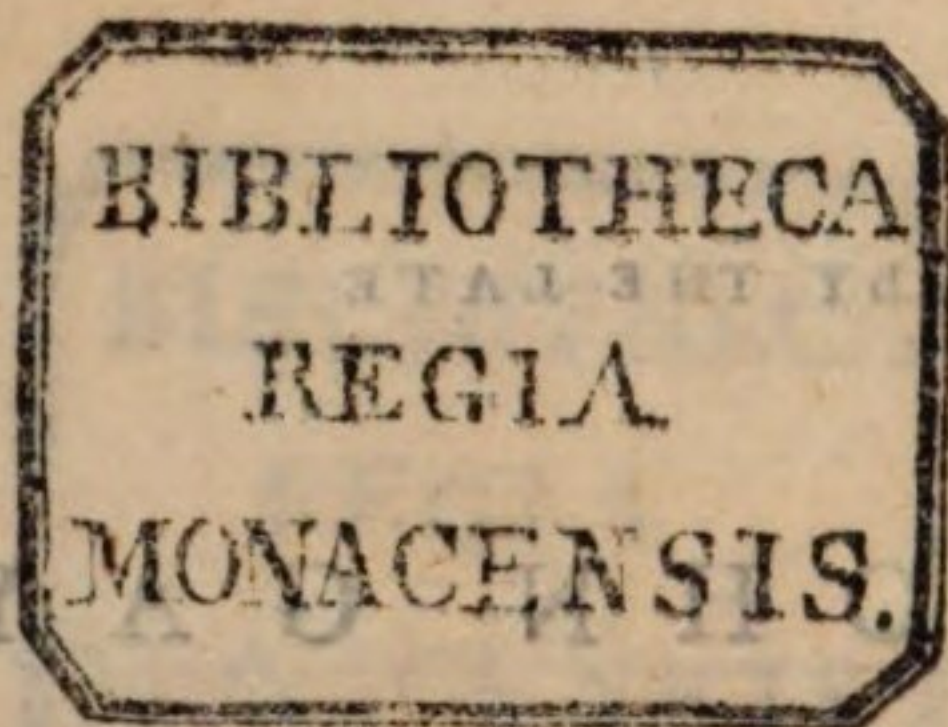
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and J. BALFOUR.

M, DCC, LXXIII.

P O E M S

o n

SEVERAL OCCASIONS.



Mr]

His jocundus, ludens, amans, dolens, querens,
iucundus; deservens aliquid modo pretium, modo
clatus: Atque ipsa veritate temperans effere, in
alia aliis, quidem fortasse omnibus, placeant.
P. L. H. H. H.

VOLUME I.

EDINBURGH:

Printed for A. Kincaid and W. Creech;

and J. Balfour.

M. DCC. LXXIII.

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RURAL SPORTS,

RURAL SPORTS,

A GEORGIC.

INSCRIBED TO MR POPE.

— Securi praelia ruris

Pandimus.

NEMESIAN.

RURAL SPORTS,

A GEOGRAPHIC.

INSCRIBED TO MR POPE.

—Second Edition—

NEWBURY.

Pandora.

RURAL SPORTS,

A GEORGIC.

TO MR POPE.

CANTO I.

YOU, who the sweets of rural life have known,
Despise th' ungrateful hurry of the town;
In Windsor groves your easy hours employ,
And, undisturb'd, yourself and Muse enjoy:
Thames listens to thy strains, and silent flows,
And no rude wind through rustling osiers blows,
While all his wond'ring Nymphs around thee throng,
To hear the Syrens warble in thy song.

But I, who ne'er was blest'd by Fortune's hand,
Nor bright'ned plough-shares in paternal land,
Long in the noisy town have been immur'd,
Respir'd its smoak, and all its cares endur'd,
Where news and politics divide mankind,
And schemes of state involve th' uneasy mind;
Faction embroils the world; and ev'ry tongue
Is mov'd by flatt'ry, or with scandal hung:
Friendship, for sylvan shades, the palace flies,
Where all must yield to interest's dearer ties;

Each rival Machiavel with envy burns,
 And honesty forsakes them all by turns;
 While calumny upon each party's thrown,
 Which both promote, and both alike disown.
 Fatigu'd at last, a calm retreat I chose,
 And sooth'd my harass'd mind with sweet repose,
 Where fields, and shades, and the refreshing clime,
 Inspire the sylvan song, and prompt my rhyme.
 My Muse shall rove through flow'ry meads and plains,
 And deck with rural sports her native strains,
 And the same road ambitiously pursue,
 Frequented by the Mantuan swain, and you.

'Tis not that rural sports alone invite,
 But all the grateful country breathes delight;
 Here blooming Health exerts her gentle reign,
 And strings the sinews of th' industrious swain:
 Soon as the morning lark salutes the day,
 Through dewy fields I take my frequent way,
 Where I behold the farmer's early care,
 In the revolving labours of the year.

When the fresh Spring in all her state is crown'd,
 And high luxuriant grass o'erspreads the ground,
 The lab'rer with the bending scythe is seen,
 Shaving the surface of the waving green,
 Of all her native pride disrobes the land,
 And meads lay waste before his sweeping hand;
 While with the mounting sun the meadow glows,
 The fading herbage round he loosely throws;
 But if some sign portend a lasting show'r,
 Th' experienc'd swain foresees the coming hour,
 His sun-burnt hands the scatt'ring fork forsake,
 And ruddy damsels ply the sowing rake;

In rising hills the fragrant harvest grows,
And spreads along the field in equal rows.

Now when the height of heav'n bright Phoebus
gains,

And level rays cleave wide the thirsty plains,

When heifers seek the shade and cooling lake,

And in the middle path-way basks the snake;

O lead me, guard me from the sultry hours,

Hide me, ye forests, in your closest bowers,

Where the tall oak his spreading arms entwines,

And with the beech a mutual shade combines;

Where flows the murm'ring brook, inviting dreams,

Where bord'ring hazle overhangs the streams,

Whose rolling current winding round and round,

With frequent falls makes all the wood resound;

Upon the mossy couch my limbs I cast,

And ev'n at noon the sweets of ev'ning taste.

Here I peruse the Mantuan Georgic strains,

And learn the labours of Italian swains;

In ev'ry page I see new landscapes rise,

And all Hesperia opens to my eyes.

I wander o'er the various rural toil,

And know the nature of each diff'rent soil;

This waving field is gilded o'er with corn,

That spreading trees with blushing fruit adorn:

Here I survey the purple vintage grow,

Climb round the poles, and rise in graceful row:

Now I behold the steed curvet and bound,

And paw with restless hoof the smoaking ground:

The dew-lap'd bull now chafes along the plain,

While burning love ferments in ev'ry vein;

His well-arm'd front against his rival aims,
 And by the dint of war his mistress claims:
 The careful insect 'midst his works I view,
 Now from the flow'rs exhaust the fragrant dew;
 With golden treasures load his little thighs,
 And steer his distant journey through the skies:
 Some against hostile drones the hive defend;
 Others with sweets the waxen cells distend:
 Each in the toil his destin'd office bears,
 And in the little bulk a mighty soul appears.

Or when the ploughman leaves the task of day,
 And trudging homeward whistles on the way;
 When the big-udder'd cows with patience stand,
 Waiting the stroakings of the damsel's hand;
 No warbling chears the woods; the feather'd choir
 To court kind slumbers to their sprays retire;
 When no rude gale disturbs the sleeping trees,
 Nor aspen leaves confess the gentlest breeze;
 Engag'd in thought, no Neptune's bounds I stray,
 To take my farewell of the parting day;
 Far in the deep the sun his glory hides,
 A streak of gold the sea and sky divides;
 The purple clouds their amber linings show,
 And edg'd with flame rolls ev'ry wave below:
 Here pensive I behold the fading light,
 And o'er the distant billow lose my sight.

Now night in silent state begins to rise,
 And twinkling orbs bestrow th' uncloudy skies;
 Her borrow'd lustre growing Cynthia lends,
 And on the main a glitt'ring path extends;
 Millions of worlds hang in the spacious air,
 Which round their suns their annual circle steer.

Sweet contemplation elevates my sense,
 While I survey the works of providence.
 O could the Muse in loftier strains rehearse,
 The glorious Author of the universe,
 Who reins the winds, gives the vast ocean bounds,
 And circumscribes the floating worlds their rounds,
 My soul should overflow in songs of praise,
 And my Creator's name inspire my lays!

As in successive course the seasons roll,
 So circling pleasures recreate the soul.
 When genial spring a living warmth bestows,
 And o'er the year her verdant mantle throws,
 No swelling inundation hides the grounds,
 But crystal currents glide within their bounds;
 The finny brood their wonted haunts forsake,
 Float in the sun, and skim along the lake,
 With frequent leap they range the shallow streams,
 Their silver coats reflect the dazzling beams.
 Now let the fisherman his toils prepare,
 And arm himself with ev'ry wat'ry snare;
 His hooks, his lines peruse with careful eye,
 Increase his tackle, and his rode retie.

When floating clouds their spongy fleeces drain,
 Troubling the streams with swift-descending rain,
 And waters tumbling down the mountain's side,
 Bear the loose soil into the swelling tide;
 Then, soon as vernal gales begin to rise,
 And drive the liquid burden through the skies,
 The fisher to the neighb'ring current speeds,
 Whose rapid surface purls, unknown to weeds;
 Upon a rising border of the brook
 He sits him down, and ties the treach'rous hook;

Now expectation cheers his eager thought,
 His bosom glows with treasures yet uncaught,
 Before his eyes a banquet seems to stand,
 Where ev'ry guest applauds his skilful hand.

Far up the stream the twisted hair he throws,
 Which down the murm'ring current gently flows;
 When if or chance or hunger's pow'ful sway
 Directs the roving trout this fatal way,
 He greedily sucks in the twining bait,
 And tugs and nibbles the fallacious meat:
 Now, happy fisherman, now twitch the line!
 How thy road bends! behold, the prize is thine!
 Cast on the bank, he dies with gasping pains,
 And trickling blood his silver mail distains.

You must not ev'ry worm promiscuous use,
 Judgment will tell thee proper bait to chuse;
 The worm that draws a long immod'rate size
 The trout abhors, and the rank morsel flies;
 And if too small, the naked fraud's in sight,
 And fear forbids, while hunger does invite.
 Those baits will best reward the fisher's pains,
 Whose polish'd tails a shining yellow stains:
 Cleanse them from filth, to give a tempting gloss,
 Cherish the sully'd reptile race with moss;
 Amid the verdant bed they twine, they toil,
 And from their bodies wipe their native soil.

But when the sun displays his glorious beams,
 And shallow rivers flow with silver streams,
 Then the deceit the scaly breed survey,
 Bask in the sun, and look into the day.
 You now a more delusive art must try,
 And tempt their hunger with the curious fly.

To frame the little animal, provide
 All the gay hues that wait on female pride :
 Let nature guide thee ; sometimes golden wire
 The shining bellies of the fly require ;
 The peacock's plumes thy tackle must not fail,
 Nor the dear purchase of the fable's tail.
 Each guady bird some slender tribute brings,
 And lends the growing insect proper wings :
 Silks of all colours must their aid impart,
 And ev'ry fur promote the fisher's art.
 So the gay lady, with expensive care,
 Borrows the pride of land, of sea, and air ;
 Furs, pearls, and plumes, the glitt'ring thing displays,
 Dazzles our eyes, and easy hearts betrays.

Mark well the various seasons of the year,
 How the succeeding insect-race appear ;
 In this revolving moon one colour reigns,
 Which in the next the fickle trout disdains.
 Oft have I seen a skilful angler try
 The various colours of the treach'rous fly ;
 When he with fruitless pain hath skim'd the brook,
 And the coy fish rejects the skipping hook,
 He shakes the boughs that on the margin grow,
 Which o'er the stream a waving forest throw ;
 When if an insect fall, (his certain guide)
 He gently takes him from the whirling tide :
 Examines well his form with curious eyes,
 His gaudy vest, his wings, his horns and size.
 Then round his hook the chosen fur he winds,
 And on the back a spectled feather binds ;

So the just colours shine through ev'ry part,
 That nature seems to live again in art.
 Let not thy wary steps advance too near,
 While all thy hope hangs on a single hair :
 The new-form'd insect on the water moves,
 The speckled trout the curious snare approves ;
 Upon the curling surface let it glide,
 With nat'ral motion from thy hand supply'd,
 Against the stream now gently let it play,
 Now in the rapid eddy roll away.
 The scaly shoals float by, and, seiz'd with fear,
 Behold their fellows toss'd in thinner air ;
 But soon they leap, and catch the swimming bait,
 Plunge on the hook, and share an equal fate.

When a brisk gale against the current blows,
 And all the wat'ry plain in wrinkles flows,
 Then let the fisherman his art repeat,
 Where bubbling eddies favour the deceit.
 If an enormous salmon chance to spy
 The wanton errors of the floating fly,
 He lifts his silver gills above the flood,
 And greedily sucks in th' unfaithful food ;
 Then downward plunges with the fraudulent prey,
 And bears with joy the little spoil away.
 Soon in smart pain he feels the dire mistake,
 Lashes the wave, and beats the foamy lake :
 With sudden rage he now aloft appears,
 And in his eye convulsive anguish bears ;
 And now again, impatient of the wound,
 He rolls and wreathes his shining body round ;
 Then headlong shoots beneath the dashing tide,
 The trembling fins the boiling wave divide ;

Now hope exalts the fisher's beating heart,
 Now he turns pale, and fears his dubious art ;
 He views the tumbling fish with longing eyes ;
 While the line stretches with th' unwieldy prize ;
 Each motion humours with his steady hands,
 And one slight hair the mighty bulk commands :
 Till tir'd at last, despoil'd of all his strength,
 The game athwart the stream unfolds his length.
 He now, with pleasure, views the gasping prize
 Gnash his sharp teeth, and roll his blood-shot eyes ;
 Then draws him to the shore with artful care,
 And lifts his nostrils in the sick'ning air :
 Upon the burden'd stream he floating lies,
 Stretching his quiv'ring fins, and gasping dies.

Would you preserve a num'rous finny race ?
 Let your fierce dogs the rav'nous otter chase ;
 Th' amphibious monster ranges all the shores,
 Darts through the waves, and ev'ry haunt explores :
 Or let the gin his roving steps betray,
 And save from hostile jaws the scaly prey.

I never wander where the bordering reeds
 O'erlooks the muddy stream, whose tangling weeds
 Perplex the fisher ; I, nor chuse to bear
 The thievish nightly net, nor barbed spear ;
 Nor drain I ponds the golden earp to take,
 Nor trowle for pikes, dispeoplers of the lake.
 Around the steel no tortur'd worm shall twine,
 No blood of living insect stain my line ;
 Let me, less cruel, cast the feather'd hook,
 With pliant rod athwart the pebbled brook,
 Silent along the mazy margin stray,
 And with the fur-wrought fly delude the prey.

C A N T O II.

NOW, sporting Muse, draw in the flowing reins,
Leave the clear streams a while for funny plains.
Should you the various arms and toils rehearse,
And all the fisherman adorn thy verse;
Should you the wide encircling net display,
And in its spacious arch enclose the sea,
Then haul the plunging load upon the land,
And with the foal and turbot hide the sand;
It would extend the growing theme too long,
And tire the reader with the wat'ry song.

Let the keen hunter from the chase refrain,
Nor render all the ploughman's labour vain,
When Ceres pours out plenty from her horn,
And clothes the fields with golden ears of corn.
Now, now, ye reapers, to your task repair,
Haste, save the product of the bounteous year:
'To the wide-gathering hook long furrows yield;
And rising sheaves extend through all the field.

Yet if for sylvan sports thy bosom glow,
Let thy fleet greyhound urge his flying foe.
With what delight the rapid course I view!
How does my eye the circling race pursue!
He snaps deceitful air with empty jaws,
The subtle hare darts swift beneath his paws;
She flies, he stretches, now with nimble bound
Eager he presses on, but overshoots his ground;
She turns, he winds, and soon regains the way,
Then tears with goary mouth the screaming prey.

What various sports does rural life afford !
 What unbought dainties heap the wholesome board !
 Nor less the spaniel, skilful to betray,
 Rewards the fowler with the feather'd prey.
 Soon as the lab'ring horse with swelling veins,
 Hath safely hous'd the farmer's doubtful gains,
 To sweet repast th' unwary partridge flies,
 With joy amid the scatter'd harvest lies ;
 Wand'ring in plenty, danger he forgets,
 Nor dreads the slav'ry of entangling nets.
 The subtle dog scours with sagacious nose
 Along the field, and snuffs each breeze that blows ;
 Against the wind he takes his prudent way,
 While the strong gale directs him to the prey ;
 Now the warm scent assures the covey near,
 He treads with caution, and he points with fear ;
 Then (lest some centry-fowl the fraud descry,
 And bid his fellows from the danger fly)
 Close to the ground in expectation lies,
 Till in the snare the flutt'ring covey rise.
 Soon as the blushing light begins to spread,
 And glancing Phoebus gilds the mountain's head,
 His early flight th' ill-fated partridge takes,
 And quits the friendly shelter of the brakes :
 Or when the sun casts a declining ray,
 And drives his chariot down the western way,
 Let your obsequious ranger search around,
 Where yellow stubble withers on the ground :
 Nor will the roving spy direct in vain,
 But num'rous coveys gratify thy pain.
 When the meridian sun contracts the shade,
 And frisking heifers seek the cooling glade ;

Or when the country floats with sudden rains,
 Or driving mists deface the moisten'd plains;
 In vain his toils th' unskilful fowler tries,
 While in thick woods the feeding partridge lies.

Nor must the sporting verse the gun forbear,
 But what's the fowler's be the Muse's care.
 See how the well-taught pointer leads the way:
 The scent grows warm; he stops; he springs the prey;
 The flutt'ring coveys from the stubble rise,
 And on swift wing divide the sounding skies;
 The scatt'ring lead pursues the certain flight,
 And death in thunder overtakes their flight.
 Cool breathes the morning air, and Winter's hand
 Spreads wide her hoary mantle o'er the land;
 Now to the copse thy lesser spaniel take,
 Teach him to range the ditch, and force the brake;
 Not closest coverts can protect the game:
 Hark! the dog opens; take thy certain aim;
 The woodcock flutters; how he wav'ring flies!
 The wood resounds: He wheels, he drops, he dies.

The tow'ring hawk let future poets sing,
 Who terror bears upon his soaring wing:
 Let them on high the frightened hern survey,
 And lofty numbers paint their airy fray.
 Nor shall the mounting lark the Muse detain,
 That greets the morning with his early strain;
 When, midst his song, the twinkling glass betrays;
 While from each angle flash the glancing rays,
 And in the sun the transient colours blaze,
 Pride lures the little warbler from the skies:
 The light-enamour'd bird deluded dies.

But still the chase, a pleasing task, remains;
 The hound must open in these rural strains.
 Soon as Aurora drives away the night,
 And edges eastern clouds with rosy light,
 The healthy huntsman, with the chearful horn,
 Summons the dogs, and greets the dappled morn;
 The jocund thunder wakes th' enliven'd hounds,
 They rouse from sleep, and answer sounds for sounds;
 Wide through the furzy field their rout they take,
 Their bleeding bosoms force the thorny brake;
 The flying game their smoaking nostrils trace,
 No bounding hedge obstructs their eager pace;
 The distant mountains echo from afar,
 And hanging woods resound the flying war:
 The tuneful noise the sprightly courser hears,
 Paws the green turf, and pricks his trembling ears;
 The slacken'd rein now gives him all his speed,
 Back flies the rapid ground beneath the steed;
 Hills, dales, and forests far behind remain,
 While the warm scent draws on the deep-mouth'd
 train.

Where shall the trembling hare a shelter find?
 Hark! death advances in each gulf of wind!
 New stratagems, and doubling wiles she tries,
 Now circling turns, and now at large she flies;
 Till spent at last, she pants, and heaves for breath,
 Then lays her down, and waits devouring death.

But stay, advent'rous Muse, hast thou the force
 To wind the twisted horn, to guide the horse?
 To keep thy seat unmov'd hast thou the skill,
 O'er the high gate, and down the headlong hill?

Can'st thou the stag's laborious chace direct?
 Or the strong fox through all his arts detect?
 The theme demands a more experienc'd lay:
 Ye mighty hunters, spare this weak essay.

O happy plains, remote from war's alarms,
 And all the ravages of hostile arms!
 And happy shepherds, who secure from fear,
 On open downs preserve your fleecy care!
 Whose spacious barns groan with increasing store,
 And whirling flails disjoint the cracking floor:
 No barb'rous soldier, bent on cruel spoil,
 Spreads desolation o'er your fertile soil;
 No trampling steed lays waste the ripen'd grain,
 Nor crackling fires devour the promis'd gain:
 No flaming beacons cast their blaze afar,
 The dreadful signal of invasive war;
 No trumpet's clangor wounds the mother's ear,
 And calls the lover from his swooning fair.

What happiness the rural maid attends,
 In chearful labour while each day she spends!
 She gratefully receives what heav'n has sent,
 And, rich in poverty, enjoys content:
 (Such happiness, and such unblemish'd fame
 Ne'er glad the bosom of the courtly dame)
 She never feels the spleen's imagin'd pains,
 Nor melancholy stagnates in her veins;
 She never loses life in thoughtless ease,
 Nor on the velvet couch invites disease;
 Her home-spun dress in simple neatness lies,
 And for no glaring equipage she sighs:
 Her reputation, which is all her boast,
 In a malicious visit ne'er was lost:

No midnight masquerade her beauty wears,
And health, not paint, the fading bloom repairs.
If love's soft passion in her bosom reign,
An equal passion warms her happy swain ;
No homebred jars her quiet state controul,
Nor watchful jealousy torments her soul ;
With secret joy she sees her little race
Hang on her breast, and her small cottage grace :
The fleecy ball their busy fingers cull,
Or from the spindle draw the lengthning wool :
Thus flow her hours with constant peace of mind,
Till age the latest thread of life unwind.

Ye happy fields, unknown to noise and strife,
The kind rewarders of industrious life ;
Ye shady woods, where once I us'd to rove,
Alike indulgent to the Muse and love ;
Ye murm'ring streams that in meanders roll,
The sweet composers of the pensive soul,
Farewel—The city calls me from your bow'rs ;
Farewel amusing thoughts and peaceful hours.

T H E O F A N,

A P O E M.

IN THREE BOOKS.

—ἐνθά δὲ θελκίῃρια πάντα τέτυκτο.

Ενθα ἐνι μὲν φιλότης, ἐν δ' ἡμερος, ἐν δ' ὀαριστὺς,
Πάρφασις ἵτ' ἔκλεψε νόον πύκα περ φρονεόντῳ.
Τὸν ῥά οἱ ἔμβαλε χερσὶν. HOM. ILIAD. 14.

VOL. I.

B

T. H. E. F. A. N.

A. P. O. E. M.

IN THREE BOOKS.

THE FIRST BOOK.
THE SECOND BOOK.
THE THIRD BOOK.

VOL. I.

T H E F A N,

A P O E M.

B O O K I.

I SING that graceful toy, whose waving play
With gentle gales relieves the sultry day;
Not the wide fan by Persian dames display'd,
Which o'er their beauty casts a grateful shade;
Nor that long known in China's artful land,
Which, while it cools the face, fatigues the hand:
Nor shall the Muse in Asian climates rove,
To seek in Indostan some spicy grove,
Where stretch'd at ease the panting lady lies,
To shun the fervor of meridian skies,
While sweating slaves catch ev'ry breeze of air,
And with wide-spreading fans refresh the fair;
No busy gnats her pleasing dreams molest,
Inflame her cheek, or ravage o'er her breast;
But artificial Zephyrs round her fly,
And mitigate the fever of the sky.

Nor shall Bermudas long the Muse detain,
Whose fragrant forests bloom in Waller's strain,
Where breathing sweets from ev'ry field ascend,
And the wild woods with golden apples bend;
Yet let me in some od'rous shade repose,
Whilst in my verse the fair Palmetto grows:

Like the tall pine it shoots its stately head,
 From the broad top depending branches spread;
 No knotty limbs the taper body bears,
 Hung on each bough a single leaf appears,
 Which shrivell'd in its infancy remains,
 Like a clos'd fan, nor stretches wide its veins,
 But, as the seasons in their circles run,
 Opes its ribb'd surface to the nearer sun:
 Beneath this shade the weary peasant lies,
 Plucks the broad leaf, and bids the breezes rise.

Stay, wand'ring Muse, nor rove in foreign climes,
 To thy own native shore confine thy rhimes.
 Assist, ye Nine, your loftiest notes employ,
 Say what celestial skill contriv'd the toy:
 Say how this instrument of love began,
 And in immortal strains display the Fan.

Strephon had long confess'd his am'rous pain,
 Which gay Corinna rally'd with disdain:
 Sometimes in broken words he sigh'd his care,
 Look'd pale, and trembled when he view'd the fair;
 With bolder freedoms now the youth advanc'd,
 He dress'd, he laugh'd, he sung, he rhim'd, he
 danc'd:

Now call'd more pow'rful presents to his aid,
 And, to seduce the mistress, brib'd the maid;
 Smooth flatt'ry in her softer hours apply'd,
 The surest charm to bend the force of pride:
 But still unmov'd remains the scornful dame,
 Insults her captive, and derides his flame.
 When Strephon saw his vows dispers'd in air,
 He fought in solitude to lose his care;

Relief in solitude he sought in vain,
 It serv'd, like music, but to feed his pain.
 To Venus now the slighted boy complains,
 And calls the goddess in these tender strains.

O potent queen ! from Neptune's empire sprung,
 Whose glorious birth admiring Nereids sung,
 Who 'midst the fragrant plains of Cyprus rove,
 Whose radiant presence gilds the Paphian grove,
 Where to thy name a thousand altars rise,
 And curling clouds of incense hide the skies :
 O beauteous goddess, teach me how to move,
 Inspire my tongue with eloquence of love,
 If lost Adonis e'er thy bosom warm'd,
 If e'er his eyes, or godlike figure charm'd,
 Think on those hours when first you felt the dart,
 Think on the restless fever of thy heart ;
 Think how you pin'd in absence of the swain :
 By those uneasy minutes know my pain.
 Ev'n while Cydippe to Diana bows,
 And at her shrine renews her virgin vows,
 The lover, taught by thee, her pride o'ercame ;
 She reads his oaths, and feels an equal flame :
 Oh, may my flame, like thine, Acontius, prove,
 May Venus dictate, and reward my love.
 When crouds of suitors Atalanta try'd,
 She wealth and beauty, wit and fame defy'd ;
 Each daring lover with adventurous pace
 Pursu'd his wishes in the dang'rous race ;
 Like the swift hind, the bounding damsel flies,
 Strains to the goal, the distanc'd lover dies.
 Hippomenes, O Venus ! was thy care,
 You taught the swain to stay the flying fair ;

Thy golden present caught the virgin's eyes,
She stoops : He rushes on, and gains the prize.
Say, Cyprian deity, what gift, what art,
Shall humble into love Corinna's heart ?
If only some bright toy can charm her sight,
Teach me what present may suspend her flight.
Thus the desponding youth his flame declares :
The goddess with a nod his passion hears.

Far in Cythera stands a spacious grove,
Sacred to Venus and the God of Love ;
Here the luxuriant myrtle rears her head,
Like the tall oak the fragrant branches spread ;
Here Nature all her sweets profusely pours,
And paints th' enamell'd ground with various flow'rs ;
Deep in the gloomy glade a grotto bends,
Wide through the craggy rock an arch extends ;
The rugged stone is cloth'd with mantling vines,
And round the cave the creeping woodbine twines.

Here busy Cupids, with pernicious art,
Form the stiff bow, and forge the fatal dart ;
All share the toil ; while some the bellows ply,
Others with feathers teach the shafts to fly :
Some with joint force whirl round the stony wheel,
Where streams the sparkling fire from temper'd
steel ;
Some point their arrows with the nicest skill,
And with the warlike store their quivers fill.

A diff'rent toil another forge employs ;
Here the loud hammer fashions female toys :
Hence is the fair with ornament supply'd,
Hence sprung the glitt'ring implements of pride ;

Each trinket that adorns a modern dame,
 First to these little artists ow'd its frame.
 Here an unfinish'd diamond crosslet lay,
 To which soft lovers adoration pay;
 There was the polish'd crystal bottle seen,
 That with quick scents revives the modish spleen;
 Here the yet rude unjointed snuff-box lies,
 Which serves the railly'd fop for smart replies;
 There piles of paper rose in gilded reams,
 The future records of the lover's flames;
 Here clouded canes 'midst heaps of toys are found,
 And inlaid tweezer-cases strow the ground.
 There stands the toilette, nursery of charms,
 Compleatly furnish'd with bright beauty's arms;
 The patch, the powder-box, pulville, perfumes,
 Pins, paint, a flatt'ring glass, and black-lead-
 combs,

The toilsome hours in diff'rent labour slide,
 Some work the file, and some the graver guide;
 From the loud anvil the quick blow rebounds,
 And their rais'd arms descend in tuneful sounds.
 Thus when Semiramis, in ancient days,
 Bade Babylon her mighty bulwarks raise;
 A swarm of lab'ers diff'rent tasks attend!
 Here pullies make the pond'rous oak ascend,
 With echoing strokes the craggy quarry groans;
 While there the chissel forms the shapeless stones;
 The weighty mallet deals resounding blows,
 Till the proud battlements her tow'rs inclose.

Now Venus mounts her car, she shakes the reins,
 And steers her turtles to Cythera's plains;

Strait to the grot with graceful step she goes,
Her loose ambrosial hair behind her flows :
The swelling bellows heave for breath no more,
All drop their silent hammers on the floor ;
In deep suspense the mighty labour stands,
While thus the goddess spoke her mild commands.

Industrious Loves, your present toils forbear,
A more important task demands your care ;
Long has the scheme employ'd my thoughtful mind,
By judgment ripen'd, and by time refin'd.
That glorious bird have ye not often seen
Who draws the car of the celestial queen ?
Have ye not oft survey'd his varying dyes,
His tail all gilded o'er with Argus' eyes ?
Have ye not seen him in the sunny day
Unfurl his plumes, and all his pride display,
Then suddenly contract his dazzling train,
And with long-trailing feathers sweep the plain ?
Learn from this hint, let this instruct your art ;
Thin taper sticks must form one center part :
Let these into the quadrant's form divide,
The spreading ribs with snowy paper hide ;
Here shall the pencil bid its colours flow,
And make a miniature creation grow.
Let the machine in equal foldings close,
And now its plaited surface wide dispose.
So shall the fair her idle hand employ,
And grace each motion with the restless toy,
With various play bid grateful Zephyrs rise,
While love in ev'ry grateful Zephyr flies.

The Master Cupid traces out the lines,
And with judicious hand the draught designs ;

Th' expecting Loves with joy the model view,
 And the joint labour eagerly pursue.
 Some slit their arrows with the nicest art,
 And into sticks convert the shiver'd dart;
 The breathing bellows wake the sleeping fire,
 Blow off the cinders, and the sparks aspire;
 Their arrow's point they soften in the flame,
 And founding hammers break its barbed frame:
 Of this, the little pin they neatly mold,
 From whence their arms the spreading sticks unfold:
 In equal plaits they now the paper bend,
 And at just distance the wide ribs extend,
 Then on the frame they mount the limber skreen,
 And finish instantly the new machine.

The goddess pleas'd, the curious work receives,
 Remounts her chariot, and the grotto leaves;
 With the light fan she moves the yielding air,
 And gales, till then unknown, play round the fair.

Unhappy lovers, how will you withstand,
 When these new arms shall grace your charmer's
 hand?

In ancient times, when maids in thought were pure,
 When eyes were artless, and the look demure,
 When the wide ruff the well-turn'd neck inclos'd,
 And heaving breasts within the stays repos'd,
 When the close hood conceal'd the modest ear,
 Ere black lead-combs disown'd the virgin's hair;
 Then in the muff unactive fingers lay,
 Nor taught the fan in fickle forms to play.

How are the sex improv'd in am'rous arts,
 What new-found snares they bait for human hearts!

When kindling war the ravag'd globe ran o'er,
And fatten'd thirsty plains with human gore,
At first, the brandish'd arm the jav'lin threw,
Or sent wing'd arrows from the twanging yew;
In the bright air the dreadful faulchion shone,
Or whistling slings dismiss'd th' uncertain stone.
Now men those less destructive arms despise,
Wide-wasteful death from thund'ring cannon flies;
One hour with more battalions strows the plain,
Than were of yore in weekly battles slain.
So love with fatal airs the nymph supplies,
Her drefs disposes, and directs her eyes.
The bosom now its panting beauties shews,
Th' experienc'd eye resistless glances throws;
Now vary'd patches wander o'er the face,
And strike each gazer with a borrow'd grace;
The fickle head-dress sinks, and now aspires
A tow'ry front of lace on branching wires.
The curbing hair in tortur'd ringlets flows,
Or round the face in labour'd order grows.

How shall I soar, and on unweary wing
Trace varying habits upward to their spring!
What force of thought, what numbers can express
Th' inconstant equipage of female drefs?
How the strait stays the slender waist constrain?
How to adjust the mantua's sweeping train?
What fancy can the petticoat surround,
With the capacious hoop of whalebone bound?
But stay, presumptuous Muse, nor boldly dare
The toilette's sacred mysteries declare;
Let a just distance be to beauty paid;
None here must enter but the trusty maid.

Should you the wardrobe's magazine rehearse,
 And glossy mantuas rustle in my verse;
 Should you the rich brocaded suit unfold,
 Where rising flow'rs grow stiff with frosted gold,
 The dazzled Muse would from her subject stray,
 And in a maze of fashions lose her way.

T H E F A N.

B O O K II.

Olympus' gates unfold ; in heav'n's high tow'rs
Appear in council all th' immortal pow'rs ;
Great Jove above the rest exalted fate,
And in his mind revolv'd succeeding fate ;
His awful eye with ray superior shone,
The thunder-grasping eagle guards his throne ;
On silver clouds the great assembly laid,
The whole creation at one view survey'd.

But, see ! fair Venus comes in all her state,
The wanton Loves and Graces round her wait ;
With her loose robe officious Zephyrs play,
And strow with odoriferous flowers the way ;
In her right hand she waves the flutt'ring fan,
And thus in melting sounds her speech began.

Assembled powers, who fickle mortals guide,
Who o'er the sea, the skies, and earth preside,
Ye fountains whence all human blessings flow ;
Who pour your bounties on the world below ;
Bacchus first rais'd and prun'd the climbing vine,
And taught the grape to stream with gen'rous wine ;
Industrious Ceres tam'd the savage ground,
And pregnant fields with golden harvests crown'd ;

Flora with bloomy sweets enrich'd the year,
 And fruitful autumn is Pomona's care.
 I first taught woman to subdue mankind,
 And all her native charms with dress refin'd :
 Celestial synod, this machine survey,
 That shades the face, or bids cool Zephyrs play;
 If conscious blushes on her cheek arise,
 With this she veils them from her lover's eyes ;
 No level'd glance betrays her am'rous heart,
 From the fan's ambush she directs the dart.
 The royal sceptre shines in Juno's hand,
 And twisted thunder speaks great Jove's command ;
 On Pallas' arm the Gorgon shield appears,
 And Neptune's mighty grasp the trident bears :
 Ceres is with the bending sickle seen,
 And the strung bow points out the Cynthian queen ;
 Henceforth the waving fan my hands shall grace,
 The waving fan supply the sceptre's place.
 Who shall, ye pow'rs, the forming pencil hold ?
 What story shall the wide machine unfold ?
 Let Loves and Graces lead the dance around,
 With myrtle wreathes and flow'ry chaplets crown'd ;
 Let Cupid's arrow strow the smiling plains
 With unresisting nymphs, and am'rous swains :
 May glowing picture o'er the surface shine,
 To melt slow virgins with the warm design.
 Diana rose ; with silver crescent crown'd,
 And fix'd her modest eyes upon the ground :
 Then with becoming mien she rais'd her head,
 And thus with graceful voice the virgin said.
 Has woman then forgot all former wiles,
 The watchful ogle, and delusive smiles ?

Does man against her charms too pow'rful prove,
Or are the sex grown novices in love ?
Why then these arms ? or why should artful eyes,
From this slight ambush, conquer by surprise ?
No guilty thought the spotless virgin knows,
And o'er her cheek no conscious crimson glows ;
Since blushes then from shame alone arise,
Why should we veil them from her lover's eyes ?
Let Cupid rather give up his command,
And trust his arrows in a female hand.
Have not the gods already cherish'd pride,
And woman with destructive arms supply'd ?
Neptune on her bestows his choicest stores,
For her the chambers of the deep explores ;
The gaping shell its pearly charge resigns,
And round her neck the lucid bracelet twines :
Plutus for her bids earth its wealth unfold,
Where the warm ore is ripen'd into gold ;
Or where the ruby reddens in the soil,
Where the green em'rald pays the searcher's toil.
Does not the diamond sparkle in her ear,
Glow on her hand, and tremble in her hair ?
From the gay nymph the glancing lustre flies,
And imitates the lightning of her eyes.
But yet if Venus' wishes must succeed,
And this fantastic engine be decreed,
May some chaste story from the pencil flow,
To speak the virgin's joy, and Hymen's wo.

Here let the wretched Ariadne stand,
Seduc'd by Theseus to some desert land,
Her locks dishevell'd waving in the wind,
The crystal tears confess her tortur'd mind ;

The perjur'd youth unfurls his treach'rous sails,
And their white bosoms catch the swelling gales.
Be still, ye winds, she cries, stay, Theseus, stay ;
But faithless Theseus hears no more than they.
All desp'rate, to some craggy cliff she flies,
And spreads a well-known signal in the skies ;
His less'ning vessel plows the foamy main,
She sighs, she calls, she waves the sign in vain.

Paint Dido there amidst her last distress,
Pale cheeks and blood-shot eyes her grief express :
Deep in her breast the reeking sword is drown'd,
And gushing blood streams purple from the wound :
Her sister Anna hov'ring o'er her stands,
Accuses heav'n with lifted eyes and hands,
Upbraids the Trojan with repeated cries,
And mixes curses with her broken sighs.
View this, ye maids ; and then each swain believe,
They're Trojans all, and vow but to deceive.

Here draw Oenone in the lonely grove,
Where Paris first betray'd her into love :
Let wither'd garlands hang on ev'ry bough,
Which the false youth wove for Oenone's brow,
The garlands lose their sweets, their pride is shed ;
And like their odours all his vows are fled ;
On her fair arm her pensive head she lays,
And Xanthus' waves with mournful look surveys ;
That flood which witness'd his inconstant flame,
When thus he swore, and won the yielding dame :
“ These streams shall sooner to their fountain move
“ Than I forget my dear Oenone's love.”
Roll back, ye streams, back to your fountain run,
Paris is false, Oenone is undone.

Ah wretched maid ! think how the moments flew,
 Ere you the pangs of this curs'd passion knew,
 When groves could please, and when you lov'd the
 plain,

Without the presence of your perjur'd swain.

Thus may the nymph, whene'er she spreads the fan,
 In his true colours view perfidious man,
 Pleas'd with her virgin state in forests rove,
 And never trust the dang'rous hopes of love."

The goddess ended, merry Momus rose,
 With smiles and grins he waggish glances throws,
 Then with a noisy laugh forestalls his joke,
 Mirth flashes from his eyes while thus he spoke.

" Rather let heav'nly deeds be painted there,
 And by your own example teach the fair.
 Let chaste Diana on the piece be seen,
 And the bright crescent own the Cynthian Queen;
 On Latmos' top see young Endymion lies,
 Feign'd sleep hath clos'd the bloomy lover's eyes:
 See, to his soft embraces how she steals,
 And on his lips her warm caresses seals;
 No more her hand the glitt'ring jav'lin holds,
 But round his neck her eager arm she folds,
 Why are our secrets by our blushes shown?
 Virgins are virgins still—while 'tis unknown.
 Here let her on some flow'ry bank be laid,
 Where meeting beeches weave a graceful shade,
 Her naked bosom wanton tresses grace,
 And glowing expectation paints her face,
 O'er her fair limbs a thin loose veil is spread;
 Stand off, ye shepherds; fear Actæon's head;

Let vig'rous Pan th' unguarded minute seize,
And in a shaggy goat the virgin please.

Why are our secrets by our blushes shown?

Virgins are virgins still—while 'tis unknown.

There with just warmth Aurora's passion trace,
Let spreading crimson stain her virgin face;
See Cephalus her wanton airs despise,
While she provokes him with desiring eyes;
To raise his passion she displays her charms,
His modest hand upon her bosom warms;
Nor looks, nor pray'rs, nor force his heart persuade,
But with disdain he quits the rosy maid.

Here let dissolving Laeda grace the toy,
Warm cheeks and heaving breasts reveal her joy;
Beneath the pressing swan she pants for air,
While with his flutt'ring wings he fans the fair.
There let all-conqu'ring gold exert its pow'r,
And soften Danae in a glitt'ring show'r.

Would you warn beauty not to cherish pride,
Nor vainly in the treach'rous bloom confide,
On the machine the sage Minerva place,
With lineaments of wisdom mark her face;
See, where she lies near some transparent flood,
And with her pipe cheats the resounding wood:
Her image in the floating glass she spies,
Her bloted cheeks, worn lips, and shrivell'd eyes;
She breaks the guiltless pipe, and with disdain
Its shatter'd ruins flings upon the plain.
With the loud reed no more her cheek shall swell,
What, spoil her face! no; warbling strains farewell.
Shall arts—shall sciences employ the fair?
Those trifles are beneath Minerva's care.

From Venus let her learn the married life,
And all the virtuous duties of a wife.
Here on a couch extend the Cyprian dame,
Let her eye sparkle with the glowing flame;
The god of war within her clinging arms,
Sinks on her lips, and kindles all her charms.
Paint limping Vulcan with a husband's care,
And let his brow the cuckold's honours wear;
Beneath the net the captive lovers place,
Their limbs entangled in a close embrace.
Let these amours adorn the new machine,
And female nature on the piece be seen;
So shall the fair, as long as fans shall last,
Learn from your bright examples to be chaste.

T H E F A N.

B. O. O. K. I I I.

THUS Momus spoke. When sage Minerva rose;
From her sweet lips smooth elocution flows;
Her skilful hand an iv'ry pallet grac'd,
Where shining colours were in order plac'd.
As gods are blest'd with a superior skill,
And, swift as mortal thought, perform their will,
Strait she proposes, by her art divine,
To bid the paint express her great design.
Th' assembled pow'rs consent. She now began,
And her creating pencil stain'd the fan.

O'er the fair field, trees spread, and rivers flow,
Tow'rs rear their heads, and distant mountains grow;
Life seems to move within the glowing veins,
And in each face some lively passion reigns.
Thus have I seen woods, hills, and dales appear,
Flocks graze the plains, birds wing the silent air.
In darken'd rooms, where light can only pass
Through the small circle of a convex glass;
On the white sheet the moving figures rise,
The forest waves, clouds float along the skies.

She various fables on the piece design'd,
That spoke the follies of the female kind,
The fate of pride in Niobe she drew ;
Be wise, ye nymphs, that scornful vice subdue :
In a wide plain th' imperious mother stood,
Whose distant bounds rose in a winding wood ;
Upon her shoulder flows her mantling hair,
Pride marks her brow, and elevates her air ;
A purple robe behind her sweeps the ground,
Whose spacious border golden flow'rs surround :
She made Latona's altars cease to flame,
And of due honours robb'd her sacred name ;
To her own charms she bade fresh incense rise,
And adoration own her brighter eyes.
Sev'n daughters from her fruitful loins were born,
Sev'n graceful sons her nuptial bed adorn,
Who, for a mother's arrogant disdain,
Were by Latona's double offspring slain.
Here Phoebus his unerring arrow drew,
And from his rising steed her first-born threw ;
His op'ning fingers drop the slacken'd rein,
And the pale corse falls headlong to the plain.
Beneath her pencil here two wrestlers bend,
See, to the grasp their swelling nerves distend,
Diana's arrow joins them face to face,
And death unites them in a strict embrace.
Another here flies trembling o'er the plain ;
When heav'n pursues, we shun the stroke in vain :
'This lifts his supplicating hands and eyes,
And, 'midst his humble adoration dies.
As from his thigh this tears the barbed dart,
A surer weapon strikes his throbbing heart :

While that to raise his wounded brother tries,
 Death blasts his bloom, and locks his frozen eyes.
 The tender sisters bath'd in grief appear,
 With sable garments and dishevell'd hair,
 And o'er their gasping brothers weeping stood;
 Some with their tresses stopt the gushing blood,
 They strive to stay the fleeting life too late,
 And in the pious action share their fate.
 Now the proud dame, o'ercome by trembling fear,
 With her wide robe protects her only care;
 To save her only care in vain she tries,
 Close at her feet the latest victim dies.
 Down her fair cheek the trickling sorrow flows,
 Like dewy spangles on the blushing rose;
 Fix'd in astonishment she weeping stood,
 The plain all purple with her childrens blood;
 She stiffens with her woes: No more her hair
 In easy ringlets wantons in the air;
 Motion forsakes her eyes, her veins are dry'd,
 And beat no longer with the sanguine tide;
 All life is fled, firm marble now she grows,
 Which still in tears the mother's anguish shows.

Ye haughty fair, your painted fans display,
 And the just fate of lofty pride survey:
 Though lovers oft extol your beauty's power,
 And in celestial families adore,
 Though from your features Cupid borrows arms,
 And goddesses confess inferior charms,
 Do not, vain maid, the flatt'ring tale believe;
 Alike thy lovers and thy glass deceive.

Here lively colours Procris' passion tell,
 Who to her jealous fears a victim fell.

Here kneels the trembling hunter o'er his wife,
 Who rolls her sick'ning eyes, and gasps for life;
 Her drooping head upon her shoulder lies,
 And purple gore her snowy bosom dyes :
 What guilt, what horror on his face appears !
 See, his red-eye-lid seems to swell with tears,
 With agony his wringing hands he strains,
 And strong convulsions stretch his branching veins.

Learn hence, ye wives ! bid vain suspicion cease,
 Lose not, in sullen discontent, your peace.
 For when fierce love to jealousy ferments,
 A thousand doubts and fears the soul invents :
 No more the days in pleasing converse flow,
 And nights no more their soft endearments know.

There on the piece the Volscian queen expir'd,
 The love of spoils her female bosom fir'd ;
 Gay Chloereus' arms attract her longing eyes,
 And for the painted plume and helm she sighs ;
 Fearless she follows, bent on gaudy prey,
 Till an ill-fated dart obstructs her way ;
 Down drops the martial maid ; the bloody ground
 Floats with a torrent from the purple wound.
 The mournful nymphs her drooping head sustain,
 And try to stop the gushing life in vain.

Thus the raw maid some tawdry coat surveys,
 Where the fop's fancy in embroidery plays ;
 His snowy feather edg'd with crimson dyes,
 And his bright sword-knot lure her wand'ring eyes ;
 Fring'd gloves and gold brocade conspire to move,
 Till the nymph falls a sacrifice to love.

Here young Narcissus o'er the fountain stood,
 And view'd his image in the crystal flood,

The crystal flood reflects his lovely charms,
 And the pleas'd image strives to meet his arms.
 No nymph his unexperienc'd breast subdu'd,
 Echo in vain the flying boy pursu'd;
 Himself alone the foolish youth admires,
 And with fond look the smiling shade desires:
 O'er the smooth lake with fruitless tears he grieves,
 His spreading fingers shoot in verdant leaves,
 Through his pale veins green sap now gently flows,
 And in a short-liv'd flow'r his beauty blows.

Let vain Narcissus warn each female breast,
 That beauty's but a transient good at best.
 Like flow'rs it withers with th' advancing year,
 And age, like winter, robs the blooming fair.
 Oh Araminta! cease thy wonted pride,
 Nor longer in thy faithless charms confide;
 Ev'n while the glass reflects thy sparkling eyes,
 Their lustre and thy rosy colour flies!

Thus on the fan the breathing figures shine,
 And all the powers applaud the wise design.

The Cyprian queen the painted gift receives,
 And with a grateful bow the synod leaves.
 To the low world she bends her steepy way,
 Where Strephon pass'd the solitary day;
 She found him in a melancholy grove,
 His downcast eyes betray'd desponding love,
 The wounded bark confess'd his slighted flame,
 And ev'ry tree bore false Corinna's name;
 In a cool shade he lay with folded arms,
 Curses his fortune, and upbraids her charms,
 When Venus to his wond'ring eyes appears,
 And with these words relieves his am'rous cares.

Rise, happy youth, this bright machine survey,
 Whose ratt'ling sticks my busy fingers sway;
 This present shall thy cruel charmer move,
 And in her fickle bosom kindle love.

The fan shall flutter in all female hands,
 And various fashions learn from various lands.
 For this shall elephants their iv'ry shed;
 And polish'd sticks the waving engine spread:
 His clouded mail the tortoise shall resign,
 And round the rivet pearly circles shine.
 On this shall Indians all their art employ,
 And with bright colours stain the gaudy toy;
 Their paint shall here in wildest fancies flow,
 Their dress, their customs, their religion show;
 So shall the British fair their minds improve,
 And on the fan to distant climates rove.
 Here China's ladies shall their pride display,
 And silver figures gild their loose array;
 This boasts her little feet and winking eyes;
 That tunes the fife, or tinkling cymbal plies:
 Here cross-legg'd nobles in rich state shall dine,
 There in bright mail distorted heroes shine.
 The peeping fan in modern times shall rise,
 Through which unseen the female ogle flies;
 This shall in temples the sly maid conceal,
 And shelter love beneath devotion's veil.
 Gay France shall make the fan her artists care,
 And with the costly trinket arm the fair.
 As learned orators that touch the heart,
 With various action raise their soothing art,
 Both head and hand affect the list'ning throng,
 And humour each expression of the tongue:

So shall each passion by the fan be seen,
From noisy anger to the sullen spleen.

While Venus spoke, joy shone in Strephon's eyes,
Proud of the gift, he to Corinna flies.
But Cupid (who delights in am'rous ill,
Wounds hearts, and leaves them to a woman's will)
With certain aim a golden arrow drew,
Which to Leander's panting bosom flew;
Leander lov'd; and to the sprightly dame
In gentle sighs reveal'd his growing flame;
Sweet smiles Corinna to his sighs returns,
And for the sop in equal passion burns.

Lo Strephon comes! and with a suppliant bow,
Offers the present, and renews his vow.

When she the fate of Niobe beheld,
Why has my pride against my heart rebell'd?
She sighing cry'd: Disdain forsook her breast,
And Strephon now was thought a worthy guest.

In Procris' bosom when she saw the dart,
She justly blames her own suspicious heart,
Imputes her discontent to jealous fear,
And knows her Strephon's constancy sincere.

When on Camilla's fate her eye she turns,
No more for show and equipage she burns;
She learns Leander's passion to despise,
And looks on merit with discerning eyes.

Narcissus' change to the vain virgin shows
Who trusts to beauty, trusts the fading rose.
Youth flies apace, with youth your beauty flies:
Love then, ye virgins, ere the blossom dies.

Thus Pallas taught her. Strephon weds the dame,
And Hymen's torch diffus'd the brightest flame.

No ill-fated passion by the star of love
From boy's anger to the fallen place
Which I want to see in such a place
From the first, the Conquest here
But Cupid who delights in a new ill
Wounded heart, and leaves there to a woman's will
Which certain signs of golden arrows show
Which to a tender's passion I have known
I tender love'd; and to the tender's flame
In gentle light I loved his growing flame
Sweet Father, Cupid to his eyes returns
And for the top in equal passion burns
A suspicion comes; and with a suppliant bow
O'er the present and remote his view
When he the face of his beloved
Why has my eye against my heart set?
The fighting cry of a child is for me
And suspicion now is thought's torturing guest
In blood's bottom when the day
The justly blames her own suspicion's heat
In power's disposition to resist
And how her suspicion's cold grey heart
When on Cassio's face she set her eyes
The more for now and courage the more
The leaves I under a passion to resist
And looks on mine with the coming eyes
Which I change to the same which I love
Who waits to beauty, while the beauty waits
Youth that's past, with youth's love's eyes
Love then, ye virgin, love the whole in dies
Thou Father, though I have seen the day
And I have seen the day of my love

THE
SHEPHERD'S WEEK.
IN
SIX PASTORALS.

——— Libeat mihi fordida rura,
Atque humiles habitare casas. ———

VIRE.

SIX PASTORALS
IN
SHEPHERD'S WEEK
THE

—Liberté ou la mort
—A tous les habitants de la ville
Vive

THE

P R O E M E

TO THE

COURTEOUS READER.

GREAT marvel hath it been, (and that not unworthily), to divers worthy wits, that, in this our island of Britain, in all rare sciences so greatly abounding, more especially in all kinds of poeſie, highly flourishing, no poet, (though otherways of notable cunning in roundelays) hath hit on the right ſimple Eclogue, after the true ancient guiſe of Theocritus, before this mine attempt.

Other poet travelling in this plain high way of Paſtoral know I none. Yet, certes, ſuch it behoveth a Paſtoral to be, as nature in the country affordeth; and the manners alſo meetly copied from the ruſtical folk therein. In this alſo my love to my native country, Britain, much pricketh me forward, to deſcribe aright the manners of our own honeſt and laborious ploughmen, in no wiſe ſure more unworthy a Britiſh poet's imitation, than thoſe of Sicily or Arcadie; albeit, not ignorant I am, what a rout and rabblement of critical gallimawſry hath been made of late days by

certain young men of insipid delicacy, concerning, I wist not what, Golden Age, and other outrageous conceits, to which they would confine Pastoral. Whereof I avow, I account nought at all, knowing no age so justly to be instiled Golden, as this of our Sovereign Lady Queen A N N E.

This idle trumpery (only fit for schools and school-boys) unto that ancient Dorick shepherd Theocritus, or his mates, was never known; he rightly, throughout his fifth Idyl, maketh his louts give foul language, and behold their goats at rut in all simplicity.

Ὁ πόλος ὅκκ' ἔσορῃ τὰς μηκάδας οἷα βατεῦντε
 Τακεται ὀφθαλμῶς ὅτι τ' ἀγὸς αὐτὸς ἔγενετο.

THEOC.

Verily, as little pleasance receiveth a true homebred taste, from all the fine finical new-fangled fooleries of this gay Gothic garniture, wherewith they so nicely bedeck their court clowns, or clown courtiers (for which to call them rightly I wot not) as would a prudent citizen journeying to his country-farms, should he find them occupied by people of this motely make, instead of plain downright hearty cleanly folks, such as be now tenants to the burgesles of this realme.

Furthermore, it is my purpose, gentle reader, to set before thee, as it were, a picture, or rather lively landscape of thy own country, just as thou mightest see it, didst thou take a walk into the fields at the proper

season: Even as Maister Milton hath elegantly set forth the same.

“ As one who long in populous city pent,
 “ Where houses thick and sewers annoy the air,
 “ Forth issuing on a summer’s morn to breathe
 “ Among the pleasant villages and farms
 “ Adjoin’d, from each thing met conceives delight;
 “ The smell of grain, or tedded grafs, or kine,
 “ Or dairy, each rural sight, each rural sound.”

Thou wilt not find my shepherdesses idly piping on oaten reeds, but milking the kine, tying up the sheaves, or, if the hogs are astray, driving them to their styes. My shepherd gathereth none other nosegays but what are the growth of our own fields; he sleepeth not under myrtle shades, but under a hedge; nor doth he vigilantly defend his flocks from wolves, because there are none, as Maister Spencer well observeth.

“ Well is known, that since the Saxon king
 “ Never was wolf seen, many or some
 “ Nor in all Kent, nor in Christendom.”

For as much as I have mentioned Maister Spencer, soothly I must acknowledge him a bard of sweetest memorial. Yet hath his shepherd’s boy at some times raised his rustick reed to rhimes more rumbling than rural. Diverse grave points also hath he handled of churchly matter and doubts in religion daily arising, to great clerks only appertaining. What liketh me best

are his names, indeed right simple and meet for the country, such as Lobbin, Cuddy, Hobbinol, Diggon, and others, some of which I have made bold to borrow. Moreover, as he called his Eclogues, The Shepherd's Calendar, and divided the same into twelve months, I have chosen (peradventure not over rashly) to name mine by the days of the week, omitting Sunday or the Sabbath, ours being supposed to be Christian shepherds, and to be then at church-worship. Yet further, of many of Maister Spencer's eclogues it may be observed, though months they be called, of the said months therein nothing is specified; wherein I have also esteemed him worthy mine imitation.

That principally, courteous reader, whereof I would have thee to be advertised, (seeing I depart from the vulgar usage), is touching the language of my shepherds; which is, soothly to say, such as is neither spoken by the country maiden or the courtly dame; nay, not only such as in the present times is not uttered, but was never uttered in times past: and, if I judge aright, will never be uttered in times future. It having too much of the country to be fit for the court, too much of the court to be fit for the country; too much of the language of old times to be fit for the present, too much of the present to have been fit for the old, and too much of both to be fit for any time to come. Granted also it is, that, in this my language, I seem unto myself as a London Mason, who calculateth his work for a term of years, when he buildeth with old materials upon a ground-rent that is not his own, which soon turneth to rubbish and ruins. For

this point, no reason can I alledge, only deep learned enfamples having led me thereunto.

But here, again, much comfort ariseth in me, from the hopes, in that I conceive, when these words, in the course of transitory things, shall decay, it may so hap, in meet time, that some lover of simplicity shall arise, who shall have the hardiness to render these mine eclogues into such more modern dialect as shall be then understood.

Gentle reader, turn over the leaf, and entertain thyself with the prospect of thine own country, limned by the painful hand of

Thy loving countryman,

JOHN GAY.

VOL. I.

D

this power no action can I alledge, only deep learned
 criticisms having led me to the knowledge of the
 poet's genius, much comfort within in me; from
 the traces, in that I conceive, which these words, in the
 course of twenty things, shall decay, it may be said,
 in mentioning, that some lover of simplicity shall arise
 who shall have the hardihood to render their taste
 closer into such more modern dialect as shall be than
 understood.

Gentle reader, turn over the leaf, and ascertain thy
 self with the prospect of thus own country, limited
 by the painful head of a poet, in the present volume.

I have I. Thy loving countryman, M. T. C.

JOHN O'AY.

I have I. Thy loving countryman, M. T. C.

I have I. Thy loving countryman, M. T. C.

I have I. Thy loving countryman, M. T. C.

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I have I. Thy loving countryman, M. T. C.

PROLOGUE.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

LORD VISCOUNT BOLINGBROKE.

LO, I who erst beneath a tree,
Sung Bumkinet and Bouzybee,
And Blouzelind and Marian bright,
In apron blue or apron white,
Now write my sonnets in a book,
For my good Lord of Bolingbroke.

As lads and lasses stood around
To hear my boxen hautboy sound,
Our clerk came posting o'er the green
With doleful tidings of the queen;
That queen, he said, to whom we owe
Sweet "Peace that maketh riches flow,"
That queen who eas'd our tax o' flate,
Was dead, alas!—and lay in state.

At this, in tears was Cic'ly seen,
Buxoma tore her pinnars clean;
In doleful dumps stood ev'ry clown,
The parson rent his band and gown.

For me, when as I heard that death
Had snatch'd Queen Anne to El'zabeth,

I broke my reed, and sighing, swore
I'd weep for Blouzelind no more.

While thus we stood as in a stound,
And wet with tears, like dew, the ground,
Full soon by bonfire and by bell
We learnt our liege was passing well.

A skilful leech (so God him speed)
They say had wrought this blessed deed;
This leech Arbuthnot was yclept,

Who many a night not once had slept;
But watch'd our gracious sov'reign still;

For who could rest when she was ill?
Oh, may'st thou henceforth sweetly sleep!
Sheer, fwains, oh sheer your softest sheep
To swell his couch; for well I ween,
He fav'd th' realm who fav'd the queen.

Quoth I, Please God, I'll hie with glee
To court, this Arbuthnot to see.

I sold my sheep and lambkins too,
For silver loops and garment blue:

My boxen hautboy, sweet of sound,
For lace that edg'd mine hat around;

For Lightfoot and my scrip I got

A gorgeous sword, and eke a knot.

So forth I far'd to court with speed,

Of foldier's drum withouten dread;

For peace allays the shepherd's fear

Of wearing cap of granadier.

There saw I ladies all a-row

Before their queen in seemly show.

No more I'll sing Buxoma brown,

Like goldfinch in her Sunday gown;

Nor Clumfilis, nor Marian bright,
Nor damsel that Hobnelia hight.
But Lanfdown fresh as flower of May,
And Berkley Lady blithe and gay,
And Anglesey whose speech exceeds
The voice of pipe, or oaten reeds;
And blooming Hyde, with eyes so rare,
And Montague beyond compare:
Such ladies fair would I depaint
In roundelay or sonnet quaint.

There many a worthy wight I've seen
In ribbon blue and ribbon green.
As Oxford, who a wand doth bear,
Like Moses, in our Bibles fair:
Who for our traffic forms designs,
And gives to Britain Indian mines.
Now, shepherds, clip your fleecy care,
Ye maids, your spinning-wheels prepare,
Ye weavers all your shuttles throw,
And bid broad-cloths and serges grow;
For trading free shall thrive again,
Nor leasings leud affright the swain.

There saw I St John, sweet of mien,
Full stedfast both to church and queen:
With whose fair name I'll deck my strain,
St John, right courteous to the swain.

For thus he told me on a day,
Trim are thy sonnets, gentle Gay,
And certes, mirth it were to see
Thy joyous madrigals twice three,
With preface meet, and notes profound,
Imprinted fair, and well y-bound.

All suddenly then home I sped,
And did even as my Lord had said.

Lo, here thou hast mine eclogues fair,
But let not these detain thine ear.
Let not th' affairs of states and kings
Wait, while our Bouzybeus sings.
Rather than verse of simple swain
Shou'd stay the trade of France or Spain;
Or for the plaint of parson's maid,
Yon' Emp'ror's packets be delay'd;
In sooth, I swear by holy Paul,
I'd burn book, preface, notes and all.

M O N D A Y;

O R, T H E

S Q U A B B L E.

LOBBIN CLOUT, CUDDY, CLODDIPOLE.

LOBBIN CLOUT.

TH Y younglings, Cuddy, are but just awake,
No thrustles shrill the bramble-bush forsake,
No chirping lark the welkin * sheen invokes,
No damsel yet the swelling udder stroaks;
O'er yonder hill does scant † the dawn appear,
Then why does Cuddy leave his cott so rear ‡ ?

C U D D Y.

Ah Lobbin Clout ! I ween §, my plight is guest,
For “ he that loves a stranger, is to rest ; ”

* Welkin the same as welken, an old Saxon word signifying a cloud ; by poetical licence it is frequently taken for the element or sky, as may appear by this verse in the Dream of Chaucher,

“ Ne in all the welkin was no cloud.”

Sheen or shine, an old word for shining or bright.

† Scant, used in the ancient British authors for scarce.

‡ Rear, an expression in several counties of England, for early in the morning.

§ To ween, from the Saxon, to think or conceive.

But neither lamb, nor kid, nor calf, nor Tray,
Dance like Buxoma on the first of May.

LOBBIN CLOUT.

Sweet is my toil when Blouzelind is near,
Of her bereft 'tis winter all the year,
With her no sultry summer's heat I know;
In winter, when she's nigh, with love I glow.
Come, Blouzelinda, ease thy swain's desire,
My summer's shadow, and my winter's fire!

CUDDY.

As with Buxoma once I work'd at hay,
Ev'n noon-tide labour seem'd an holiday;
And holidays, if haply she were gone,
Like worky-days I wish'd would soon be done.
Eftsoons *, O sweetheart kind, my love repay,
And all the year shall then be holiday.

LOBBIN CLOUT.

As Blouzelinda, in a gamefome mood,
Behind a haycock loudly laughing stood,
I sily ran and snatch'd a hasty kiss,
She wip'd her lips, nor took it much amiss.
Believe me, Cuddy, while I'm bold to say,
Her breath was sweeter than the ripen'd hay.

* Eftsoons, from eft, an ancient British word, signifying soon. So that eftsoons is a doubling of the word soon, which is, as it were, to say twice soon, or very soon.

C U D D Y.

As my Buxoma in a morning fair,
 With gentle finger strok'd her milky care,
 I queintly* stole a kifs; at first, 'tis true,
 She frown'd, yet after granted one or two;
 Lobbin, I swear, believe who will my vows,
 Her breath by far excell'd the breathing cows.

L O B B I N C L O U T.

Leek to the Welch to Dutchmen butter's dear,
 Of Irish fwains potatoe is the chear;
 Oats for their feasts, the Scottish shepherds grind,
 Sweet turnips are the food of Blouzelind.
 While she loves turnips, butter I'll despise,
 Nor leeks, nor oatmeal, nor potatoe prize.

C U D D Y.

In good roast-beef my landlord sticks his knife,
 The capon fat delights his dainty wife,
 Pudding our Parson eats, the squire loves hare,
 But white-pot thick is my Buxoma's fare.
 While she loves white-pot, capon ne'er shall be,
 Nor hare, nor beef, nor pudding, food for me.

* Queint has various significations in the ancient English authors. I have used it in this place in the same sense as Chaucer hath done in his Miller's Tale. "As Clerkes being full subtle and queint," (by which he means arch or waggish), and not in that obscene sense wherein he useth it in the line immediately following.

LOBBIN CLOUT.

As once I play'd at blindman's-buff, it hapt
 About my eyes the towel thick was wrapt.
 I miss'd the fwains, and seiz'd on Blouzelind;
 True speaks that ancient proverb *Love is blind*.

CUDDY.

As at Hot-cockles once I laid me down,
 And felt the weighty hand of many a clown;
 Buxoma gave a gentle tap, and I
 Quick rose, and read soft mischief in her eye.

LOBBIN CLOUT.

On two near elms the slacken'd cord I hung,
 Now high, now low my Blouzelinda swung.
 With the rude wind her rumpled garment rose,
 And show'd her taper leg, and scarlet hose.

CUDDY.

Across the fallen oak the plank I laid,
 And myself pois'd against the tott'ring maid.
 High leapt the plank; adown Buxoma fell;
 I spy'd—but faithful sweethearts never tell.

LOBBIN CLOUT.

This riddle, Cuddy, if thou canst, explain,
 This wily riddle puzzles every fwain.
 “ * What flow'r is that which bears the virgin's
 “ name,
 The richest metal joined with the same ? ”

• Marygold.

CUDDY.

Answer, thou carle, and judge this riddle right,
I'll frankly own thee for a cunning wight.

“ * What flow'r is that which royal honour craves,
“ Adjoin the virgin, and 'tis strown on graves ?”

CLODDIPOLE.

Forbear, contending louts, give o'er your strains,
An oaken staff each merits for his pains.

But see the sun-beams bright to labour warn,
And gild the thatch of goodman Hodges' barn.

Your herds for want of water stand a-dry,
They're weary of your songs—and so am I.

• Rosemary.

T U E S D A Y;

O R, T H E

D I T T Y.

M A R I A N.

Young Colin Clout, a lad of peerless meed,
Full well could dance, and deftly tune the reed;
In ev'ry wood his carols sweet were known,
At ev'ry wake his nimble feats were shown.
When in the ring the rustic routs he threw,
The-damfels pleasures with his conquests grew;
Or when assant the cudgel threats his head,
His danger smites the breast of ev'ry maid;
But chief of Marian. Marian lov'd the swain,
The parson's maid, and neatest of the plain.
Marian, that soft could stroak the udder'd cow,
Or lessen with her sieve the barley-mow;
Marbled with sage the hard'ning cheese she press'd,
And yellow butter Marian's skill confess'd.
But Marian, now devoid of country-cares,
Nor yellow butter, nor sage-cheese prepares.
For yearning love the witlefs maid employs,
And love, say swains, all busy heed destroys.

Colin makes mock at all her hideous smart,
A lass that Cic'ly hight, had won his heart,
Cic'ly the western lass that tends the kee *,
The rival of the parson's maid was she.
In dreary shade now Marian lies along,
And mix'd with sighs thus wails in plaining song.

Ah woful day ! ah woful noon and morn !
When first by thee my younglings white were shorn :
Then first, I ween, I cast a lover's eye,
My sheep were silly, but more silly I.
Beneath the sheers they felt no lasting smart ;
They lost but fleeces, while I lost a heart.

Ah Colin ! can'st thou leave thy sweetheart true ;
What I have done for thee will Cic'ly do ?
Will she thy linen wash, or hosen darn,
And knit thee gloves made of her own spun yarn ?
Will she with hufwife's hand provide thy meat,
And ev'ry Sunday morn thy neckcloth plait ?
Which o'er thy kersey doublet spreading wide,
In service-time drew Cic'ly's eyes aside.

Where'er I gad I cannot hide my care,
My new disasters in my look appear.
White as the curd my ruddy cheek is grown,
So thin my features that I'm hardly known ;
Our neighbours tell me oft, in joking talk,
Of ashes, leather, oatmeal, bran, and chalk ;
Unwittingly of Marian they divine,
And wist not that with thoughtful love I pine.
Yet Colin Clout, untoward shepherd swain,
Walks whistling blithe, while pitiful I plain.

* Kee, a west-country word for kine or cows;

Whilom with thee 'twas Marian's dear delight
 To moil all day, and merry-make at night.
 If in the foil you guide the crooked share,
 Your early breakfast is my constant care;
 And when with even hand you strow the grain,
 I fright the thievish rooks from off the plain.
 In mising days when I my thresher heard,
 With nappy bear I to the barn repair'd;
 Lost in the music of the whirling flail,
 To gaze on thee I left the smoaking pale:
 In harvest when the sun was mounted high,
 My leathern bottle did thy drought supply;
 Whene'er you mow'd I follow'd with the rake,
 And have full oft been sun-burnt for thy sake:
 When in the welkin gath'ring show'rs were seen,
 I lagg'd the last with Colin on the green;
 And when at eve returning with thy car,
 Awaiting heard the gingling bells from far;
 Straight on the fire the sooty pot I plac'd;
 To warm thy broth I burnt my hands for haste.
 When hungry thou stood'st *staring, like an oaf,*
 I slic'd the luncheon from the barley loaf,
 With crumbled bread I thicken'd well thy mefs;
 Ah love me more, or love thy pottage less!

Last Friday's eve, when as the sun was set,
 I, near yon stile, three fallow gypsies met.
 Upon my hand they cast a poring look,
 Bid me beware, and thrice their heads they shook;
 They said that many crosses I must prove,
 Some in my worldly gain, but most in love.
 Next morn I miss'd three hens and our old cock,
 And off the hedge two pinner and a smock,

I bore these losses with a Christian mind,
 And no mishaps could feel, while thou wert kind.
 But since, alas! I grew my Colin's scorn,
 I've known no pleasure, night, or noon, or morn.
 Help me, ye gypsies, bring him home again,
 And to a constant lass give back her swain.

Have I not sat with thee full many a night,
 When dying embers were our only light,
 When ev'ry creature did in slumbers lie,
 Besides our cat, my Colin Clout, and I?
 No troublous thoughts the cat or Colin move,
 While I alone am kept awake by love.

Remember, Colin, when at last year's wake,
 I bought the costly present for thy sake:

Couldst thou spell o'er the posy on thy knife,
 And with another change thy state of life?
 If thou forget'st, I wot I can repeat,
 My memory can tell the verse so sweet.

As this is grav'd upon this knife of thine,

So is thy image on this heart of mine.

But wo is me! such presents luckless prove,
 For knives, they tell me, *always sever love.*

Thus Marian wail'd, her eyes with tears brimfull,
 When Goody Dobins brought her cow to bull.

With apron blue to dry her tears she fought,

Then saw the cow well serv'd, and took a groat.

W E D N E S D A Y;

O R, T H E

D U M P S*.

S P A R A B E L L A.

TH E wailings of a maiden I recite,
A maiden fair that Sparabella hight.
Such strains ne'er warble in the linnet's throat,
Nor the gay goldfinch chaunts so sweet a note.
No magpye chatter'd, nor the painted jay,
Nor ox was heard to low, nor afs to bray;
No rustling breezes play'd the leaves among,
While thus her madrigal the damsel sung.

* Dumps, or Dumbs, made use of to express a fit of the fullens. Some have pretended that it is derived from Dumops, a king of Egypt, that built a pyramid, and died of melancholy. So Mopes, after the same manner, is thought to have come from Merops, another Egyptian king that died of the same distemper; but our English antiquaries have conjectured that Dumps, which is a grievous heaviness of spirits, comes from the word Dumplin, the heaviest kind of pudding that is eaten in this country, much used in Norfolk, and other counties of England.

A while, O D'Urfey, lend an ear or twain,
 Nor, though in homely guise, my verse disdain;
 Whether thou seek'st new kingdoms in the sun*,
 Whether thy muse does at Newmarket run,
 Or does with gossips at a feast regale,
 And heighten her conceits with sack and ale;
 Or else at wakes with Joan and Hodge rejoice,
 Where D'Urfey's lyrics swell in ev'ry voice;
 Yet suffer me, thou bard of wond'rous meed†,
 Amid thy bays to weave this rural weed.

Now the sun drove adown the western road,
 And oxen laid at rest forget the goad;
 The clown, fatigu'd, trudg'd homeward with his spade,
 Across the meadow stretch'd the lengthen'd shade:
 When Sparabella, pensive and forlorn,
 Alike with yearning love and labour worn,
 Lean'd on her rake, and strait with doleful guise,
 Did this sad plaint in moanful notes devise.

Come night as dark as pitch, surround my head,
 From Sparabella Bumkinet is fled;
 The ribbon that his val'rous cudgel won,
 Last Sunday happier Clumsilis put on.
 Sure if he'd eyes, (*but Love, they say, has none*),
 I whilhom by that ribbon had been known.

* An opera written by this author, called the
 World in the Sun, or the Kingdom of Birds; he is
 also famous for his song on the Newmarket horse-race,
 and several others that are sung by the British swains.

† Meed, an old word for fame or renown.

Ab, well-a-day ! I'm shent with baneful smart,
For with that ribbon he bestow'd his heart.

*My plaint, ye lasses, with this burden aid,
'Tis hard so true a damsel dies a maid.*

Shall heavy Clumfilis with me compare ?
View this, ye lovers, and like me despair.
Her blubber'd lip by smutty pipes is worn,
And in her breath tobacco whiffs are borne ;
The cleanly cheese-press she could never turn,
Her aukward fist did ne'er employ the churn ;
If e'er she brew'd, the drink would strait go sour,
Before it ever felt the thunder's pow'r ;
No hufwifery the dowdy creature knew ;
To sum up all, her tongue confess'd the shrew.

*My plaint, ye lasses, with this burden aid,
'Tis hard so true a damsel dies a maid.*

I've often seen my visage in yon lake,
Nor are my features of the homeliest make.
Though Clumfilis may boast a whiter dye,
Yet the black floe turns in my rolling eye ;
And fairest blossoms drop with ev'ry blast,
But the brown beauty will like hollies last.
Her wan complexion's like the wither'd leek,
While Katherine pears adorn my ruddy cheek.
Yet she, alas ! the witlefs lout hath won,
And by her gain, poor Sparabell's undone !
Let hares and hounds in coupling straps unite,
The clucking hen make friendship with the kite,
Let the fox simply wear the nuptial noose,
And join in wedlock with the wadling goose ;

* Shent, an old word signifying hurt or harmed.

For love hath brought a stranger thing to pass,
The fairest shepherd weds the foulest lass.

*My plaint, ye lasses, with this burden aid,
'Tis hard so true a damsel dies a maid.*

Sooner shall cats disport in waters clear,
And speckled mackrels graze the meadows fair,
Sooner shall screech-owls bask in sunny day,
And the slow as on trees, like squirrels, play,
Sooner shall snails on insect pinions rove,
Than I forget my shepherd's wonted love.

*My plaint, ye lasses, with this burden aid,
'Tis hard so true a damsel dies a maid.*

Ah! didst thou know what proffers I withstood;
When late I met the Squire in yonder wood!
To me he sped, regardless of his game,
While all my cheek was glowing red with shame;
My lip he kiss'd, and prais'd my healthful look,
Then from his purse of silk a guinea took,
Into my hand he forc'd the tempting gold,
While I with modest struggling broke his hold.
He swore that Dick in liv'ry stripp'd with lace,
Should wed me soon, to keep me from disgrace;
But I nor footman priz'd nor golden fee,
For what is lace or gold compar'd to thee?

*My plaint, ye lasses, with this burden aid,
'Tis hard so true a damsel dies a maid.*

Now plain I ken † whence Love his rise begun;
Sure he was born some bloody butcher's son,

† To ken. Scire, Chaucero, to ken, and kende
notus A. S. cunnan Goth. Kunnan. Germanis ken-

Bred up in shambles, where our younglings slain,
 Erst taught him mischief and to sport with pain.
 The father only silly sheep annoys,
 The son the sillier shepherds destroys.
 Does son or father greater mischief do ?
 The fire is cruel, so the son is too.

*My plaint, ye lasses, with this burden aid,
 'Tis hard so true a damsel dies a maid.*

Farewel, ye woods, ye meads, ye streams that flow ;
 A sudden death shall rid me of my wo.
 This penknife keen my windwipe shall divide.
 What, shall I fall as squeaking pigs have dy'd !
 No—To some tree this carcase I'll suspend ;
 But worrying curs find such untimely end !
 I'll speed me to the pond, where the high stool
 On the long plank hangs o'er the muddy pool,
 That stool, the dread of ev'ry scolding quean ;
 Yet, sure a lover should not die so mean !
 There plac'd aloft, I'll rave and rail by fits,
 Though all the parish say I've lost my wits ;
 And thence, if courage holds, myself I'll throw,
 And quench my passion in the lake below.

*Ye lasses, ease your burden, cease to moan,
 And, by my case forewarn'd, go mind your own.*

nen. Danis kiende. Islandis kunna. Belgis kennen.
 This word is of general use, but not very common,
 though not unknown to the vulgar. Ken, for prospice,
 is well known, and used to discover by the eye.
 Ray, F. R. S.

The sun was set ; the night came on a-pace,
 And falling dew bewet around the place ;
 The bat takes airy rounds on leathern wings,
 And the hoarse owl his woful dirges sings ;
 The prudent maiden deems it now too late,
 And, till to-morrow comes, defers her fate.

T H U R S D A Y;

OR, THE

S P E L L.

H O B N E L I A.

H O B N E L I A, seated in a dreary vale,
In pensive mood rehears'd her piteous tale;
Her piteous tale the winds in sighs bemoan,
And pining Eccho answers groan for groan.

I rue the day, a rueful day I trow,
The woful day, a day indeed of woe!
When Lubberkin to town his cattle drove,
A maiden fine bedight * he hapt to love;
The maiden fine bedight his love retains,
And for the village he forsakes the plains.
Return, my Lubberkin, these ditties hear;
Spells will I try, and spells shall ease my care.

*With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,
And turn me thrice around, around, around.*

When first the year, I heard the cuckow sing,
And call with welcome note the budding spring,

* Dight or bedight, from the Saxon word dightan,
which signifies to set in order.

I straightway set a-running with such haste,
 Deb'rah that won the smock scarce ran so fast ;
 'Till spent for lack of breath quite weary grown,
 Upon a rising bank I sat adown,
 Then doff'd † my shoe, and by my troth, I swear,
 Therein I spy'd this yellow frizzled hair,
 As like to Lubberkin's in curl and hue,
 As if upon his comely pate it grew.

*With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,
 And turn me thrice around, around, around.*

At eve last Midsummer no sleep I sought,
 But to the field a bag of hempseed brought,
 I scatter'd round the seed on every side,
 And three times in a trembling accent cry'd,
 This hempseed with my virgin hand I sow,
 Who shall my true-love be, the crop shall mow.
 I straight look'd back, and if my eyes speak truth,
 With his keen scythe behind me came the youth.

*With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,
 And turn me thrice around, around, around.*

Last Valentine, the day when birds of kind
 Their paramours with mutual chirpings find,
 I rearly rose, just at the break of day,
 Before the sun had chas'd the stars away ;
 A field I went, amid the morning dew
 To milk my kine (for so should hufwives do)
 Thee first I spy'd, and the first swain we see,
 In spite of fortune shall our true love be ;
 See, Lubberkin, each bird his partner take,
 And canst thou then thy sweetheart dear forsake ?

† Doff, and Don, contracted from the words do off,
 and do on.

*With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,
And turn me thrice around, around, around.*

Last May-day fair I searched to find a snail
That might my secret lover's name reveal;
Upon a gooseberry-bush a snail I found,
For always snails near sweetest fruit abound.
I seiz'd the vermine, home I quickly sped,
And on the hearth the milk-white embers spread.
Slow crawl'd the snail, and if I right can spell,
In the soft ashes mark'd a curious L:
Oh, may this wondrous omen lucky prove!
For L is found in Lubberkin and love.

*With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,
And turn me thrice around, around, around.*

Two hazel-nuts I threw into the flame,
And to each nut I gave a sweetheart's name.
This with the loudest bounce me fore amaz'd,
That in a flame of brightest colour blaz'd.
As blaz'd the nut so may thy passion grow,
For 'twas thy nut that did so brightly glow.

*With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,
And turn me thrice around, around, around.*

As peascods once I pluck'd, I chanc'd to see
One that was closely fill'd with three times three,
Which when I crop'd I safely home convey'd,
And o'er the door the spell in secret laid,
My wheel I turn'd, and sung a ballad new,
While from the spindle I the fleeces drew;
The latch mov'd up, when who should first come in,
[But in his proper person,—Lubberkin.

I broke my yarn, surpris'd the sight to see,
Sure sign that he would break his word with me.
Eftsoons I join'd it with my wonted flight,
So may again his love with mine unite !

*With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,
And turn me thrice around, around, around.*

This Lady-fly I take from off the grafs,
Whose spotted back might scarlet red surpass.
Fly, Lady-bird, North, South, or East, or West,
Fly where the man is found that I love best.
He leaves my hand, see to the West he's flown,
To call my true-love from the faithless town.

*With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,
And turn me thrice around, around, around.*

I pare this pippin round and round again,
My shepherd's name to flourish on the plain.
I fling th' unbroken paring o'er my head,
Upon the grafs a perfect L is read;
Yet on my heart a fairer L is seen
Than what the paring marks upon the green.

*With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,
And turn me thrice around, around, around.*

This pippin shall another trial make,
See from the core two kernels brown I take;
This on my cheek for Lubberkin is worn,
And Boobyclod on t'other side is borne.
But Boobyclod soon drops upon the ground,
A certain token that his love's unsound,
While Lubberkin sticks firmly to the last;
Oh were his lips to mine but join'd so fast !

*With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,
And turn me thrice around, around, around.*

As Lubberkin once slept beneath a tree,
I twitch'd his dangling garter from his knee;
He wist not when the hempen string I drew.
Now mine I quickly doff of inkle blue;
Together fast I tye the garters twain,
And while I knit the knot repeat this strain:
*Three times a true-love's knot I tye secure,
Firm be the knot, firm may his love endure.*

*With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,
And turn me thrice around, around, around.*

As I was wont, I trudg'd last market-day
To town, with new laid eggs preserv'd in hay.
I made my market long before 'twas night,
My purse grew heavy, and my basket light.
Strait to the 'pothecary's shop I went,
And in love-powder all my money spent;
Behap what will, next Sunday, after prayers,
When to the ale-house Lubberkin repairs,
These golden flies into his mug I'll throw,
And soon the swain with fervent love shall glow.

*With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,
And turn me thrice around, around, around.*

But hold—our Lightfoot barks, and cocks his ears,
O'er yonder stile see Lubberkin appears.
He comes, he comes, Hobnelia's not bewray'd,
Nor shall she, crown'd with willow, die a maid.
He vows, he swears he'll give me a green gown;
Oh dear! I fall adown, adown, adown!

F R I D A Y;

OR, THE

D I R G E *.

BUMKINET, GRUBBINOL.

BUMKINET.

WHY, Grubbinol, dost thou so wistful seem?
There's sorrow in thy look, if right I deem.
'Tis true, yon oaks with yellow tops appear,
And chilly blasts begin to nip the year;
From the tall elm a shower of leaves is borne,
And their lost beauty riven beeches mourn.
Yet even this season pleasance blithe affords,
Now the squeez'd press foams with our apple hoards,
Come, let us hie, and quaff a cheary bowl,
Let cyder now *wash sorrow from thy soul.*

* Dirge or Dyrge, a mournful ditty or song of lamentation over the dead; not a contraction of the Latin Dirige in the Popish hymn *Dirige gressus meos*, as some pretend. But from the Teutonic Dyrke, *Laudare*, to praise and extol. Whence it is possible their dyrke and our dirge was a laudatory song to commemorate and applaud the dead. *Cowell's Interpreter.*

GRUBBINOL.

Ah Bumkinet ! since thou from hence wert gone,
 From these sad plains all merriment is flown ;
 Should I reveal my grief 'twould spoil thy chear,
 And make thine eye o'erflow with many a tear.

BUMKINET.

Hang sorrow ! Let's to yonder hut repair,
 And with trim sonnets *cast away our care,*
 Gillian of Croydon well thy pipe can play,
 Thou sing'st most sweet, *O'er hills and far away,*
 Of patient Grissel I devise to sing,
 And catches quaint shall make the vaillies ring.
 Come, Grubbinol, beneath this shelter, come,
 From hence we view our flocks securely roam,

GRUBBINOL.

Yes, blithesome lad, a tale I mean to sing,
 But with my wo shall distant vallies ring ;
 The tale shall make our kidlings droop their head,
 For wo is me !—our Blouzelind is dead.

BUMKINET.

Is Blouzelinda dead ? farewell my glee ! †
 No happiness is now reserv'd for me.
 As the wood pigeon cooes without his mate,
 So shall my doleful dirge bewail her fate.
 Of Blouzelinda fair I mean to tell,
 The peerless maid that did all maids excel.

† Glee, joy ; from the Dutch glooren, to recreate.

Henceforth the morn shall dewy sorrow shed,
And ev'ning tears upon the grafs be spread;
The rolling streams with wat'ry grief shall flow,
And winds shall moan aloud—when loud they blow.
Henceforth, as oft as autumn shall return,
The dropping trees, whene'er it rains, shall mourn:
This season quite shall strip the country's pride,
For 'twas in autumn Blouzelinda dy'd.

Where'er I gad, I Blouzelind shall view,
Woods, dairy, barn, and mows our passion knew.
When I direct my eyes to yonder wood,
Fresh rising sorrow curdles in my blood.
Thither I've often been the damsel's guide,
When rotten sticks our fuel have supply'd;
There I remember how her faggots large,
Were frequently these happy shoulders charge.
Sometimes this crook drew hazel boughs adown,
And stuff'd her apron wide with nuts so brown;
Or when her feeding hogs had miss'd their way,
Or wallowing 'mid a feast of acorns lay,
Th' untoward creatures to the sty I drove,
And whistled all the way—or told my love.

If by the dairy's hatch I chance to hie,
I shall her goodly countenance espy;
For there her goodly countenance I've seen,
Set off with kerchief starch'd and pinnars clean.
Sometimes, like wax, she rolls the butter round,
Or with the wooden lilly prints the pound.
Whilom I've seen her skim the clouted cream,
And press from spongy curds the milky stream.
But now, alas! these ears shall hear no more
The whining swine surround the dairy door,

No more her care shall fill the hollow tray,
To fat the guzzling hogs with floods of whey.
Lament, ye swine, in grunting spend your grief,
For you, like me, have lost your sole relief.

When in the barn the sounding flail I ply,
Where from her sieve the chaff was wont to fly,
The poultry there will seem around to stand,
Waiting upon her charitable hand;
No succour meet the poultry now can find,
For they, like me, have lost their Blouzelind.

Whenever by yon barley mow I pass,
Before my eyes will trip the tidy lass,
I pitch'd the sheaves, (oh could I do so now),
Which she in rows pil'd on the growing mow.
There ev'ry deale my heart by love was gain'd,
There the sweet kiss my courtship has explain'd.
Ah Blouzelind! that mow I ne'er shall see,
But thy memorial will revive in me.

Lament, ye fields, and rueful symptoms show,
Henceforth let not the smelling primrose grow;
Let weeds instead of butter-flowers appear,
And meads, instead of daisies, hemlock bear;
For couflips sweet let dandelions spread,
For Blouzelinda, blithesome maid, is dead!
Lament, ye swains, and o'er her grave bemoan,
And spell ye right, this verse upon her stone:
Here Blouzelinda lies—Alas, alas!
Weep, shepherds—and remember flesh is grass.

GRUBBINOL.

Albeit thy songs are sweeter to mine ear,
Than to the thirsty cattle rivers clear;

Or winter porridge to the lab'ring youth,
 Or buns and fugar to the damsel's tooth;
 Yet Blouzelinda's name shall tune my lay;
 Of her I'll sing for ever and for aye.

When Blouzelind expir'd, the weather's bell
 Before the drooping flock toll'd forth her knell;
 The solemn death-watch click'd the hour she dy'd,
 And shrilling crickets in the chimney cry'd;
 The bodding raven on her cottage sat,
 And with hoarse croaking warn'd us of her fate;
 The lambkin, which her wonted tendance bred,
 Dropp'd on the plains that fatal instant dead;
 Swarm'd on a rotten stick the bees I spy'd,
 Which erst I saw when Goody Dobson dy'd.

How shall I, void of tears, her death relate,
 While on her darling's bed her mother sat!
 These words the dying Blouzelinda spoke,
 And *of the dead let none the will revoke.*

Mother, quoth she, let not the poultry need,
 And give the goose wherewith to raise her breed;
 Be these my sister's care—and ev'ry morn
 Amid the ducklings let her scatter corn;
 The sickly calf that's hous'd, be sure to tend,
 Feed him with milk, and from bleak colds defend.
 Yet, ere I die—see, mother, yonder shelf,
 There secretly I've hid my worldly pelf,
 Twenty good shillings in a rag I laid,
 Be ten the parson's, for my sermon paid.
 The rest is your's—my spinning-wheel and rake,
 Let Susan keep for her dear sister's sake;
 My new straw-hat, that's trimly lin'd with green,
 Let Peggy wear, for she's a damsel clean.

My leathern bottle, long in harvests try'd,
 Be Grubbinol's—this silver ring beside :
 Three silver pennies, and a nine-pence bent,
 A token kind, to Bumkinet is sent.

Thus spoke the maiden, while her mother cry'd,
 And peaceful, like the harmless lamb, she dy'd.

To show their love, the neighbours far and near,
 Follow'd with wistful look the damsel's bier.
 Sprigg'd rosemary the lads and lasses bore,
 While dismally the parson walk'd before.
 Upon her grave the rosemary they threw,
 The daisie, butter-flow'r, and endive blue.

After the good man warn'd us from his text,
 That none could tell whose turn would be the next ;
 He said, that Heav'n would take her soul, no doubt,
 And spoke the hour-glass in her praise—quite out.

To her sweet mem'ry flow'ry garlands strung,
 O'er her now empty seat aloft were hung.
 With wicker rods we fenc'd her tomb around,
 To ward from man and beast the hallow'd ground,
 Lest her new grave the parson's cattle raze ;
 For both his horse and cow the church-yard graze.

Now we trudg'd homeward to her mother's farm,
 To drink new cyder mull'd, with ginger warm.
 For gaffer Tread-well told us by the bye,
Excessive sorrow is exceeding dry.

While bulls bear horns upon their curled brow,
 Or lasses with soft stroakings milk the cow ;
 While paddling ducks the standing lake desire,
 Or batt'ning hogs' roll in the sinking mire ;
 While moles the crumbled earth in hillocks raise,
 So long shall swains tell Blouzelinda's praise.

Thus wail'd the louts in melancholy strain,
 Till bonny Susan sped a-cross the plain ;
 They seiz'd the lass in apron clean array'd,
 And to the ale-house forc'd the willing maid :
 In ale and kisses they forgot their cares,
 And Susan Blouzelinda's loss repairs.

S A T U R D A Y;

O R, T H E

F L I G H T S.

B O U Z Y B E U S.

SUBLIMER strains, O rustic Muse, prepare;
Forget a while the barn and dairy's care;
Thy homely voice to loftier numbers raise,
The drunkard's flights require sonorous lays;
With Bouzybeus' songs exalt thy verse,
While rocks and woods the various notes rehearse.

'Twas in the season when the reapers toil
Of the ripe harvest 'gan to rid the soil;
Wide through the field was seen a goodly rout,
Clean damsels bound the gather'd sheaves about;
The lads with sharpen'd hook, and sweating brow,
Cut down the labours of the winter plow.
To the near hedge young Susan steps aside,
She feign'd her coat or garter was unty'd:
Whate'er she did, she stoop'd adown unseen,
And merry reapers, what they list, will ween.

Soon she rose up, and cry'd with voice so shrill
That Echo answer'd from the distant hill;
The youths and damsels ran to Susan's aid,
Who thought some adder had the lass dismay'd.

When fast asleep they Bouzybeus spy'd,
His hat and oaken staff lay close beside:
That Bouzybeus who could sweetly sing,
Or with the rosin'd bow torment the string:
That Bouzybeus who with finger's speed
Could call soft warblings from the breathing reed:
That Bouzybeus who with jocund tongue,
Ballads, and roundelays, and catches sung.
They loudly laugh to see the damsel's fright,
And in disport surround the drunken wight.

Ah Bouzybee, why didst thou stay so long?
The mugs were large, the drink was wond'rous strong;
Thou should'st have left the fair before 'twas night,
But thou sat'st toping till the morning light.

Cic'ly, brisk maid, steps forth before the rout,
And kiss'd with smacking lips the snoring lout;
For custom says, *Whoe'er this venture proves,*
For such a kiss demands a pair of gloves.
By her example, Doreas bolder grows,
And plays a tickling straw within his nose;
He rubs his nostril, and in wonted joke
The sneering swains with stamm'ring speech bespoke:
To you, my lads, I'll sing my carols o'er;
As for the maids—I've something else in store.

No sooner 'gan he raise his tuneful song,
But lads and lasses round about him throng.
Not ballad-singer, plac'd above the crowd,
Sings with a note so shrilling, sweet, and loud;

Nor parish-clerk, who calls the psalm so clear,
Like Bouzybeus sooths th' attentive ear.

Of Nature's laws his carols first begun †,
Why the grave owl can never face the sun;
For owls, as swains observe, detest the light,
And only sing and seek their prey by night.
How turnips hide their swelling heads below,
And how the closing colworts upward grow;
How Will-a-wisp misleads night-faring clowns,
O'er hills, and sinking bogs, and pathless downs.
Of stars he told that shoot with shining trail,
And of the glow-worm's light that gilds his tail.
He sung where woodcocks in the summer feed,
And in what climates they renew their breed;
Some think to northern coasts their flight they tend,
Or to the moon in midnight hours ascend.
Where swallows in the winter's season keep,
And how the drowsy bat and dormouse sleep.
How nature does the puppy's eyelid close,
Till the bright sun has nine times set and rose;
For huntsmen by their long experience find,
That puppies still nine rolling suns are blind.

Now he goes on, and sings of fairs and shows,
For still new fairs before his eyes arose.
How pedlars stalls with glitt'ring toys are laid,
The various fairings of the country-maid.
Long silken laces hang upon the twine,
And rows of pins and amber bracelets shine;

† Our swain had possibly read Tupper, from whence
he might have collected these philosophical observations.

How the tight lads knives, combs, and scissars spies,
 And looks on thimbles with desiring eyes.
 Of lott'ries next with tuneful note he told,
 Where silver spoons are won, and rings of gold.
 The lads and lasses trudge the street along,
 And all the fair is crowded in his song.
 The mountebank now treads the stage, and sells
 His pills, his balsams, and his ague-spells;
 Now o'er and o'er the nimble tumbler springs,
 And on the rope the vent'rous maiden swings;
 Jack Pudding, in his party-colour'd jacket,
 Tosses the glove, and jokes at ev'ry packet.
 Of raree-shows he sung, and Punch's fates,
 Of pockets pick'd in crowds, and various cheats.

Then sad he sung, *The children in the wood,*
 Ah, barb'rous uncle, stain'd with infant blood!
 How blackberries they pluck'd in desarts wild,
 And, fearless, at the glitt'ring faulchion smil'd;
 Their little corps the Robin-red-breast found,
 And strow'd with pious bill the leaves around.
 Ah, gentle birds! if this verse lasts so long,
 Your names shall live for ever in my song.

For buxom Joan he sung the doubtful strife*,
 How the sly sailor made the maid a wife.

To louder strains he rais'd his voice, to tell
 What woful wars in Chevy-chace befel,
 When *Piercy* drove the deer with hound and horn,
 Wars to be wept by children yet unborn!

* A song in the comedy of *Love for Love*, beginning, *A soldier and a sailor, &c.*

Ah With'rington, more years thy life had crown'd,
 If thou hadst never heard the horn or hound!
 Yet shall the squire who fought on bloody stumps,
 By future bards be wail'd in doleful dumps.

All in the land of Essex next he chaunts *,
 How to sleek mares starch quakers turn gallants :
 How the brave brother stood on bank so green,
 Happy for him if mares had never been.

Then he was seiz'd with a religious qualm,
 And on a sudden sung the hundredth psalm.

He sung of Taffey Welch, and Sawney Scot,
 Lilybullero, and the Irish Trot.

Why should I tell of Bateman, or of Shore †,
 Or Wantley's dragon, slain by valiant Moore,
 The bower of Rosamond, or Robin Hood,
 And how the *grass now grows where Troy town stood?*

His carols ceas'd : The list'ning maids and swains
 Seem still to hear some soft imperfect strains.

Sudden he rose; and, as he reels along,
 Swears kisses sweet should well reward his song.
 The damsels laughing fly : The giddy clown
 Again upon a wheat-sheaf drops a-down ;
 The pow'r that guards the drunk his sleep attends,
 Till, ruddy, like his face, the sun descends.

* A song of Sir J. Denham's. See his poems.

† Old English ballads.

ADVERTISEMENT.

TRIVIA:

OR, THE

ART OF WALKING

THE STREETS OF

LONDON.

Quo te Moeri pedes ? An, quo via ducit, in urbem ?

VIRG.

THE ART OF WALKING

IN THE
ART OF WALKING

THE ART OF WALKING

THE ART OF WALKING

THE ART OF WALKING

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THE ART OF WALKING

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TH E world, I believe, will take so little notice of me, that I need not take much of it. The critics may see by this poem, that I walk on foot, which probably may save me from their envy. I should be sorry to raise that passion in men whom I am so much obliged to, since they allow me an honour hitherto only shown to better writers: That of denying me to be the author of my own works.

Gentlemen, if there be any thing in this poem good enough to displease you, and if it be any advantage to you to ascribe it to some person of greater merit, I shall acquaint you, for your comfort, that, among many other obligations, I owe several hints of it to Dr Swift. And, if you will so far continue your favour as to write against it, I beg you to oblige me in accepting the following motto:

—Non tu, in Triviis, indocte, solebas
Stridenti, miserum, stipula, disperdere carmen?

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It is a world, I believe, will take to this notice of me, that I need not take much of it. The criticism may be by this poem, that I walk on foot, which probably may leave me from their envy. I should be sorry to take that position in men whom I am so much obliged to, since they allow me an honest dissent only known to better writers. I am of denying me to be the author of my own works.

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—Non tu, in Tivoli, indolis, solas

Quidam, mactans, libens, duplicem carmen

T R I V I A.

B O O K I.

Of the Implements for walking the Streets, and Signs of the Weather.

THROUGH winter streets to steer your course
aright,
How to walk clean by day, and safe by night,
How jostling crowds with prudence to decline,
When to assert the wall, and when resign,
I sing : Thou, Trivia, goddess, aid my song,
Through spacious streets conduct thy bard along;
By thee transported, I securely stray
Where winding alleys lead the doubtful way,
The silent court, and op'ning square explore,
And long perplexing lanes untrod before.
To pave thy realm, and smooth thy broken ways,
Earth from her womb a flinty tribute pays ;
For thee the sturdy paviour thumps the ground,
Whilst ev'ry stroke his lab'ring lungs resound ;
For thee the scavenger bids kennels glide
Within their bounds, and heaps of dirt subside.
My youthful bosom burns with thirst of fame,
From the great theme to build a glorious name,

To tread in paths to ancient bards unknown,
 And bind my temples with a civic crown;
 But more, my country's love demands the lays,
 My country's be the profit, mine the praise.

When the black youth at chosen stands rejoice,
 And *Clean your shoes* refounds from ev'ry voice;
 When late their miry sides stage-coaches show,
 And their stiff horses through the town move slow;
 When all the Mall in leafy ruin lies,
 And damsels first renew their oyster cries:
 Then let the prudent walker shoes provide,
 Not of the Spanish or Morocco hide;
 The wooden heel may raise the dancer's bound,
 And with the scallop'd top his step be crown'd:
 Let firm, well-hammer'd soles protect thy feet
 Through freezing snows, and rains, and soaking
 fleet.

Should the big last extend the shoes too wide,
 Each stone will wrench th' unwary step aside:
 The sudden turn may stretch the swelling vein,
 Thy cracking joint unhinge, or ankle sprain;
 And when too short the modish shoes are worn,
 You'll judge the seasons by your shooting corn.

Nor should it prove thy less important care,
 To chuse a proper coat for winter's wear.
 Now in thy trunk thy D'Oily habit fold,
 The silken drugget ill can fence the cold;
 The freeze's spongy nap is soak'd with rain,
 And show'rs soon drench the camlet's cockled grain.
 True Witney * broad-cloth, with its shag unshorn,
 Unpierc'd is in the lasting tempest worn:

* A town in Oxfordshire.

Be this the horseman's fence ; for who would wear
 Amid the town the spoils of Russia's bear ?
 Within the roquelaure's clasp thy hands are pent,
 Hands, that stretch'd forth invading harms prevent.
 Let the loop'd bavaroy the fop embrace,
 Or his deep cloak bespatter'd o'er with lace.
 That garment best the winter's rage defends,
 Whose ample form without one plait depends ;
 By various * names in various counties known,
 Yet held in all the true Surtout alone ;
 Be thine of Kersey firm, though small the cost,
 Then brave unwet the rain, unchill'd the frost.

If the strong cane support thy walking hand,
 Chairmen no longer shall the wall command :
 Ev'n sturdy carmen shall thy nod obey,
 And rattling coaches stop to make thee way :
 This shall direct thy cautious tread aright,
 Though not one glaring lamp enliven night.
 Let beaus their canes with amber tipt produce,
 Be theirs for empty show, but thine for use.
 In gilded chariots while they loll at ease,
 And lazily insure a life's disease ;
 While softer chairs the tawdry load convey
 To court, to White's †, assemblies, or the play ;
 Rosy-complexion'd health thy steps attends,
 And exercise thy lasting youth defends.
 Imprudent men heav'n's choicest gifts profane ;
 Thus some beneath their arm support the cane :

* A joseph, wrap-rascal, &c.

† White's chocolate-house in St James's street.

The dirty point oft checks the careless pace,
And miry spots thy clean cravat disgrace:
O! may I never such misfortune meet,
May no such vicious walkers croud the street,
May providence o'ershade me with her wings,
While the bold muse experienc'd dangers sings.

Not that I wander from my native home,
And (tempting perils) foreign cities roam.
Let Paris be the theme of Gallia's muse,
Where slav'ry treads the streets in wooden shoes;
Nor do I rove in Belgia's frozen clime,
And teach the clumsy boor to skate in rhyme,
Where, if the warmer clouds in rain descend,
No miry ways industrious steps offend,
The rushing flood from sloping pavements pours,
And blackens the canals with dirty show'rs.
Let others Naples smoother streets rehearse,
And with proud Roman structures grace their verse,
Where frequent murders wake the night with groans,
And blood in purple torrents dyes the stones;
Nor shall the muse through narrow Venice stray,
Where Gondolas their painted oars display.
O happy streets, to rumbling wheels unknown,
No carts, no coaches shake the floating town!
Thus was of old Britannia's city blest'd,
Ere pride and luxury her sons possess'd:
Coaches and chariots yet unfashion'd lay,
Nor late invented chairs perplex'd the way:
Then the proud lady trip'd along the town,
And tuck'd up petticoats secur'd her gown,
Her rosy cheek with distant visits glow'd,
And exercise unartful charms bestow'd:

But since in braided gold her foot is bound,
And a long trailing mantua sweeps the ground,
Her shoe disdains the street; the lazy fair
With narrow steps affects a limping air.
Now gaudy pride corrupts the lavish age,
And the streets flame with glaring equipage;
The tricking gamester insolently rides,
With Loves and Graces on his chariot sides;
In saucy state the griping broker sits,
And laughs at honesty, and trudging wits:
For you, O honest men! these useful lays
The muse prepares; I seek no other praise.

When sleep is first disturb'd by morning cries;
From sure prognostics learn to know the skies,
Lest you of rheums and coughs at night complain;
Surpris'd in dreary fogs, or driving rain.
When suffocating mists obscure the morn,
Let thy worst wig, long us'd to storms, be worn;
This knows the powder'd footman, and with care,
Beneath his flapping hat secures his hair.
Be thou, for every season, justly drest,
Nor brave the piercing frost with open breast;
And when the bursting clouds a deluge pour,
Let thy furtout defend the drenching show'r.

The changing weather certain signs reveal,
Ere winter sheds her snow, or frosts congeal.
You'll see the coals in brighter flame aspire,
And sulphur tinge with blue the rising fire:
Your tender shins the scorching heat decline,
And at the dearth of coals the poor repine;
Before her kitchen hearth, the nodding dame
In flannel mantle wrapt, enjoys the flame:

Hov'ring, upon her feeble knees she bends,
And all around the grateful warmth ascends.

Nor do less certain signs the town advise,
Of milder weather, and serener skies.
The ladies gaily dress'd, the Mall adorn
With various dyes, and paint the sunny morn :
The wanton fawns with frisking pleasure range,
And chirping sparrows greet the welcome change :
Not that their minds with greater skill are fraught,
Endu'd by instinct, or by reason taught,
The seasons operate on ev'ry breast ;
'Tis hence that fawns are brisk, and ladies dress'd.
When on his box the nodding coachman snores,
And dreams of fancy'd fares ; when tavern-doors
The chairmen idly croud ; then ne'er refuse
To trust thy busy steps in thinner shoes.

But when the swinging signs your ears offend
With creaking noise, then rainy floods impend ;
Soon shall the kennels swell with rapid streams,
And rush in muddy torrents to the Thames.
The bookseller, whose shop's an open square,
Foresees the tempest, and with early care
Of learning strips the rails ; the rowing crew,
To tempt a fair, cloath all their tilts in blue :
On hosiers poles depending stockings ty'd,
Flag with the slacken'd gale from side to side ;
Church-monuments foretel the changing air ;
Then Niobe dissolves into a tear,
And sweats with secret grief : You'll hear the sounds
Of whistling winds, ere kennels break their bounds ;
Ungrateful odours common-shores diffuse,
And dropping vaults distil unwholesome dews,

Ere the tiles rattle with the smoaking show'r,
And spouts on heedless men their torrents pour.

All superstition from thy breast repel.

Let cred'lous boys, and pratt'ling nurses tell,
How, if the festival of Paul be clear,

Plenty from lib'ral horn shall strow the year ;

When the dark skies dissolve in snow or rain,

The lab'ring hind shall yoke the steer in vain ;

But if the threat'ning winds in tempests roar,

Then War shall bathe her wasteful sword in gore.

How, if on Swithin's feast the welkin lours,

And ev'ry pent-house streams with hasty show'rs,

Twice twenty days shall clouds their fleeces drain,

And wash the pavements with incessant rain.

Let no such vulgar tales debase thy mind ;

Nor Paul nor Swithin rule the clouds and wind.

If you the precepts of the muse despise,

And slight the faithful warning of the skies,

Others you'll see, when all the town's afloat,

Wrapt in th' embraces of a kersey coat,

Or double-bottom'd freeze ; their guarded feet

Defy the muddy dangers of the street,

While you, with hat unloop'd, the fury dread

Of spouts high-streaming, and with cautious tread

Shun ev'ry dashing pool ; or idly stop,

To seek the kind protection of a shop.

But bus'ness summons ; now with hasty scud

You juggle for the wall ; the spatter'd mud

Hides all thy hose behind ; in vain you scow'r,

Thy wig, alas ! uncurl'd, admits the show'r.

So fierce Aleto's snaky tresses fell,

When Orpheus charm'd the rig'rous power of hell,

Or thus hung Glaucus' beard, with briny dew
Clotted and strait, when first his am'rous view
Surpris'd the bathing fair; the frightened maid
Now stands a rock, transform'd by Circe's aid.

Good housewives all the winter's rage despise,
Defended by the riding-hood's disguise:
Or underneath th' umbrella's oily shed,
Safe through the wet on clinking pattens tread.
Let Persian dames th' umbrella's ribs display,
To guard their beauties from the sunny ray;
Or sweating slaves support the shady load,
When eastern monarchs show their state abroad;
Britain in winter only knows its aid,
To guard from chilly show'rs the walking maid.
But, O! forget not, Muse, the patten's praise,
That female implement shall grace thy lays;
Say from what art divine th' invention came,
And from its origin deduce its name.

Where Lincoln wide extends her fenny foil,
A goodly yeoman liv'd, grown white with toil;
One only daughter bless'd his nuptial bed,
Who from her infant hand the poultry fed:
Martha (her careful mother's name) she bore,
But now her careful mother was no more.
Whilst on her father's knee the damsel play'd,
Patty he fondly call'd the smiling maid;
As years increas'd her ruddy beauty grew,
And Patty's fame o'er all the village flew.

Soon as the grey-ey'd morning streaks the skies,
And in the doubtful day the woodcock flies,
Her cleanly pale the pretty housewife bears,
And, singing, to the distant field repairs:

And when the plains with ev'ning dew's are spread,
The milky burden smoaks upon her head,
Deep through a miry lane she pick'd her way;
Above her ankle rose the chalky clay.

Vulcan by chance the blooming maiden spies,
With innocence and beauty in her eyes:
He saw, he lov'd; for yet he ne'er had known
Sweet innocence and beauty meet in one.

Ah, Mulciber! recal thy nuptial vows,
Think on the graces of thy Paphian spouse;
Think how her eyes dart unexhausted charms;
And canst thou leave her bed for Patty's arms?

The Lemnian pow'r forsakes th' realms above,
His bosom glowing with terrestrial love:
Far in the lane a lonely hut he found,
No tenant ventur'd on th' unwholesome ground;
Here smoaks his forge, he bares his sinewy arm,
And early strokes the founding anvil warm:
Around his shop the steelly sparkles flew,
As for the steed he shap'd the bending shoe.

When blue-ey'd Patty near his window came,
His anvil rests, his forge forgets to flame.
To hear his soothing tales she feigns delays;
What woman can resist the force of praise?

At first she coyly ev'ry kiss withstood,
And all her cheek was flush'd with modest blood:
With headless nails he now surrounds her shoes,
To save her steps from rains and piercing dew's:
She lik'd his soothing tales, his presents wore,
And granted kisses, but would grant no more.
Yet winter chill'd her feet, with cold she pines,
And on her cheek the fading rose declines;

No more her humid eyes their lustre boast,
And in hoarse sounds her melting voice is lost.

This Vulcan saw, and in his heav'nly thought,
A new machine mechanic fancy wrought,
Above the mire her shelter'd steps to raise,
And bear her safely through the wint'ry ways.
Strait the new engine on his anvil glows,
And the pale virgin on the patten rose.
No more her lungs are shook with drooping rheums,
And on her cheek reviving beauty blooms.
The god obtain'd his suit; though flatt'ry fail,
Presents with female virtue must prevail.
The patten now supports each frugal dame,
Which from the blue-ey'd Patty takes the name.

T R I V I A.

B O O K II.

Of walking the Streets by Day.

THUS far the Muse has trac'd in useful lays,
The proper implements for wint'ry ways;
Has taught the walker, with judicious eyes,
To read the various warnings of the skies.
Now venture, Muse, from home to range the town,
And for the public safety risk thy own.

For ease and for dispatch, the morning's best;
No tides of passengers the street molest.
You'll see a draggled damsel here and there,
From Billingsgate her fishy traffic bear;
On doors the fallow milkmaid chalks her gains;
Ah! how unlike the milkmaid of the plains!
Before proud gates attending asses bray,
Or arrogate with solemn pace the way;
These grave physicians, with their milky chear,
The love-sick maid and dwindling beau repair;
Here rows of drummers stand in martial file,
And with their vellum thunder shake the pile,
To greet the new-made bride. Are sounds like these
The proper prelude to a state of peace?

Now Industry awakes her busy sons,
Full charg'd with news the breathless hawker runs :
Shops open, coaches roll, carts shake the ground,
And all the streets with passing cries resound.

If cloath'd in black, you tread the busy town,
Or if distinguish'd by the rev'rend gown,
Three trades avoid ; oft in the mingling press,
The barbers apron soils the fable dress ;
Shun the perfumer's touch with cautious eye,
Nor let the baker's step advance too nigh :
Ye walkers, too, that youthful colours wear,
Three fulying trades avoid with equal care ;
The little chimney-sweeper skulks along,
And marks with footy stains the heedless throng ;
When small-coal murmurs in the hoarser throat,
From smutty dangers guard thy threaten'd coat :
The dust-man's cart offends thy cloaths and eyes,
When through the street a cloud of ashes flies ;
But whether black or lighter dyes are worn,
The chandler's basket, on his shoulder borne,
With tallow spots thy coat ; resign the way,
To shun the surly butcher's greasy tray ;
Butchers, whose hands are dy'd with blood's foul stain,
And always foremost in the hangman's train.

Let due civilities be strictly paid,
The wall surrender to the hooded maid ;
Nor let thy sturdy elbow's hasty rage
Juttle the feeble steps of trembling age :
And when the porter bends beneath his load,
And pants for breath, clear thou the crouded road.
But, above all, the gropping blind direct,
And from the pressing throng the lame protect.

You'll sometimes meet a fop, of nicest tread,
Whose mantling peruke veils his empty head,
At ev'ry step he dreads the wall to lose,
And risks, to save a coach, his red-heel'd shoes;
Him, like the miller, pass with caution by,
Lest from his shoulder clouds of powder fly.
But when the bully, with assuming pace,
Cocks his broad hat, edg'd round with tarnish'd lace,
Yield not the way; defy his strutting pride,
And thrust him to the muddy kennel's side;
He never turns again, nor dares oppose,
But mutters coward curses as he goes.

If drawn by bus'ness to a street unknown,
Let the sworn porter point thee through the town;
Be sure observe the signs, for signs remain,
Like faithful land-marks to the walking train.
Seek not from 'prentices to learn the way,
'Those fabling boys will turn thy steps astray;
Ask the grave tradesman to direct thee right,
He ne'er deceives, but when he profits by't.

Where fam'd St Giles's ancient limits spread,
An inrail'd column rears its lofty head,
Here to sev'n streets sev'n dials count the day,
And from each other catch the circling ray.
Here oft the peasant, with inquiring face,
Bewilder'd, trudges on from place to place;
He dwells on ev'ry sign with stupid gaze,
Enters the narrow alley's doubtful maze,
Tries ev'ry winding court and street in vain,
And doubles o'er his weary steps again.
Thus hardy Theseus with intrepid feet,
Travers'd the dang'rous labyrinth of Crete;

But still the wand'ring passes forc'd his stay,
Till Ariadne's clue unwinds the way.
But do not thou, like that bold chief, confide
Thy vent'rous footsteps to a female guide;
She'll lead thee with delusive smiles along,
Dive in thy fob, and drop thee in the throng.

When waggish boys the stunted besom ply
To rid the slabby pavement, pass not by
Ere thou hast held their hands; some heedless flirt
Will overspread thy calves with spatt'ring dirt.
Where porters hogheads roll from carts aslope,
Or brewers down steep cellars stretch the rope,
Where counted billets are by carmen tost,
Stay thy rash step, and walk without the post.

What though the gath'ring mire thy feet besmear,
The voice of industry is always near.
Hark! the boy calls thee to his destin'd stand,
And the shoe shines beneath his oily hand.
Here let the Muse, fatigu'd amid the throng,
Adorn her precepts with digressive song;
Of shirtless youths the secret rise to trace,
And shew the parent of the fable race.

Like mortal man, great Jove, (grown fond of
change),
Of old was wont this nether world to range
To seek amours; the vice the monarch lov'd
Soon through the wide etherial court improv'd,
And ev'n the proudest goddess, now and then,
Would lodge a night among the sons of men;
To vulgar deities descends the fashion,
Each, like her betters, had her earthly passion.

Then Cloacina * (goddess of the tide
 Whose fable streams beneath the city glide)
 Indulg'd the modish flame; the town she rov'd;
 A mortal scavenger she saw, she lov'd;
 The muddy spots that dry'd upon his face,
 Like female patches, heighten'd ev'ry grace:
 She gaz'd; she sigh'd. For love can beauties spy
 In what seems faults to ev'ry common eye.

Now had the watchman walk'd his second round;
 When Cloacina hears the rumbling sound
 Of her brown lover's cart, for well she knows
 That pleasing thunder: Swift the goddess rose,
 And through the streets pursu'd the distant noise,
 Her bosom panting with expected joys.
 With the night-wand'ring harlot's airs she past,
 Brush'd near his side, and wanton glances cast;
 In the black form of cinder-wench she came,
 When love, the hour, the place, had banish'd shame;
 To the dark alley arm in arm they move:
 O may no link-boy interrupt their love!

When the pale moon had nine times fill'd her space,
 The pregnant goddess (cautious of disgrace)
 Descends to earth; but sought no midwife's aid,
 Nor 'midst her anguish to Lucina pray'd;

* Cloacina was a goddess whose image Tatius (a king of the Sabines) found in the common-shore, and not knowing what goddess it was, he called it Cloacina, from the place in which it was found, and paid to it divine honours. *Lactant. 1. 20. Minut. Fel. Oct. p. 232.*

No chearful gossip wish'd the mother joy;
Alone, beneath a bulk she dropt the boy.

The child through various risks in years improv'd,
At first a beggar's brat, compassion mov'd;
His infant tongue soon learnt the canting art,
Knew all the pray'rs and whines to touch the heart.

Oh happy unown'd youths, your limbs can bear
The scorching dog-star, and the winter's air,
While the rich infant, nurs'd with care and pain,
Thirsts with each heat, and coughs with ev'ry rain

The goddess long had mark'd the child's distress,
And long had sought his suff'rings to redress;
She prays the gods to take the foundling's part,
To teach his hands some beneficial art
Practis'd in streets: The gods her suit allow'd,
And made him useful to the walking croud,
To cleanse the miry feet, and o'er the shoe
With nimble skill the glossy black renew.
Each power contributes to relieve the poor:
With the strong bristles of the mighty boar
Diana forms his brush; the god of day
A tripod gives, amid the crouded way
To raise the dirty foot, and ease his toil;
Kind Neptune fills his vase with foetid oil
Press'd from th' enormous whale; the god of fire,
From whose dominions smoaky clouds aspire,
Among these generous presents joins his part,
And aids with soot the new japanning art.
Pleas'd she receives the gifts; she downward glides,
Lights in Fleet-ditch, and shoots beneath the tides.

Now dawns the morn, the sturdy lad awakes,
Leaps from his stall, his tangled hair he shakes,

Then leaning o'er the rails, he musing stood,
And view'd below the black canal of mud,
Where common shores a lulling murmur keep,
Whose torrents rush from Holborn's fatal steep :
Pensive through idleness, tears flow'd apace,
Which eas'd his loaded heart, and wash'd his face ;
At length he sighing cry'd, That boy was blest,
Whose infant lips have drain'd a mother's breast ;
But happier far are those, (if such be known)
Whom both a father and a mother own ;
But I, alas ! hard fortune's utmost scorn,
Who ne'er knew parent, was an orphan born !
Some boys are rich by birth beyond all wants,
Belov'd by uncles, and kind good old aunts ;
When time comes round, a Christmas-box they bear,
And one day makes them rich for all the year.
Had I the precepts of a father learn'd,
Perhaps I then the coachman's fare had earn'd,
For lesser boys can drive ; I thirsty stand,
And see the double flaggon charge their hand,
See them puff off the froth, and gulp amain,
While with dry tongue I lick my lips in vain.

While thus he fervent prays, the heaving tide,
In widen'd circles beats on either side ;
The goddess rose amid the inmost round,
With wither'd turnip-tops her temples crown'd ;
Low reach'd her dripping tresses, lank, and black
As the smooth jet, or glossy raven's back ;
Around her waste a circling eel was twin'd,
Which bound her robe that hung in rags behind.
Now beck'ning to the boy, she thus begun,
Thy prayers are granted ; weep no more, my son :

Go thrive. At some frequented corner stand,
This brush I give thee, grasp it in thy hand,
Temper the foot within this vase of oil,
And let the little tripod aid the toil ;
On this methinks I see the walking crew
At thy request support the miry shoe,
The foot grows black that was with dirt imbrown'd,
And in thy pocket gingling halfpence sound.
The goddess plunges swift beneath the flood,
And dashes all around her show'rs of mud :
The youth strait chose his post ; the labour ply'd
Where branching streets from Charing-crofs divide ;
His treble voice resounds along the Meuse,
And White-hall echoes——*Clean your Honour's shoes.*

Like the sweet-ballad, this amusing lay
Too long detains the walker on his way ;
While he attends, new dangers round him throng ;
The busy city asks instructive song.

Where elevated o'er the gaping croud,
Clasp'd in the board the perjur'd head is bow'd,
Betimes retreat : Here, thick as hailstones pour,
Turnips, and half hatch'd eggs, (a mingled show'r)
Among the rabble rain : Some random throw
May with the trickling yolk thy cheek o'erflow.

Though expedition bids, yet never stray
Where no rang'd posts defend the rugged way.
Here laden carts with thundring waggon meet,
Wheels clash with wheels, and bar the narrow street ;
The lashing whip resounds, the horses strain,
And blood in anguish bursts the swelling vein.
O barb'rous men, your cruel breasts assuage,
Why vent ye on the gen'rous steed your rage ?

Does not his service earn your daily bread?
Your wives, your children, by his labours fed!
If, as the Samian taught, the soul revives,
And, shifting seats, in other bodies lives,
Severe shall be the brutal coachman's change,
Doom'd in a hackney-horse the town to range:
Carmen, transform'd, the groaning load shall draw,
Whom other tyrants with the lash shall awe.

Who would of Watling-street the dangers share,
When the broad pavement of Cheapside is near?
Or who * that rugged street would traverse o'er,
That stretches, O Fleet-ditch, from thy black shore
To the Tower's moated walls? Here streams ascend
That, in mix'd fumes, the wrinkled nose offend.
Where chandlers cauldrons boil; where fishy prey
Hide the wet stall, long absent from the sea;
And where the cleaver chops the heifer's spoil,
And where huge hogheads sweat with trainy oil,
Thy breathing nostril hold: But how shall I
Pass, where in piles † Cornavian cheeses lie?
Cheese, that the table's closing rites denies,
And bids me with th' unwilling chaplain rise.

O bear me to the paths of fair Pell-mell,
Safe are thy pavements, grateful is thy smell!
At distance rolls along the gilded coach,
Nor sturdy carmen on thy walks encroach;
No lets would bar thy ways where chairs deny'd,
The soft supports of laziness and pride;
Shops breathe perfumes, thro' fashes ribbons glow,
The mutual arms of ladies, and the beau.

* Thames-street, † Cheshire, antiently so called.

Yet still even here, when rains the passage hide,
 Oft the loose stone squirts up a muddy tide
 Beneath thy careless foot; and from on high,
 Where masons mount the ladder, fragments fly;
 Mortar, and crumbled lime in show'rs descend,
 And o'er thy head destructive tiles impend.

But sometimes let me leave the noisy roads,
 And silent wander in the close abodes
 Where wheels ne'er shake the ground; there pensive
 stray,

In studious thought, the long uncrouded way
 Here I remark each walker's diff'rent face,
 And in their look their various bus'ness trace.
 The broker here his spacious beaver wears,
 Upon his brow sit jealousies and cares;
 Bent on some mortgage (to avoid reproach)
 He seeks bye-streets, and saves th' expensive coach.
 Soft, at low doors, old lechers tap their cane,
 For fair recluse, who travels Drury-lane;
 Here roams uncomb'd the lavish rake, to shun
 His Fleet-street draper's everlasting dun.

Careful observers, studious of the town,
 Shun the misfortunes that disgrace the clown;
 Untempted, they condemn the jugler's feats,
 Pass by the Meuse, nor try the thimble's cheats †.
 When drays bound high, they never cross behind,
 Where bubbling yeast is blown by gusts of wind:
 And when up Ludgate-hill huge carts move slow,
 Far from the straining steeds securely go,

† A cheat commonly practised in the streets with
 three thimbles and a little ball.

Whose dashing hoofs behind them fling the mire,
 And mark with muddy blots the gazing 'squire.
 The Parthian thus his jav'lin backward throws,
 And as he flies infests pursuing foes.

The thoughtless wits shall frequent forfeits pay,
 Who 'gainst the sentry's box discharge their tea.
 Do thou some court, or secret corner seek,
 Nor flush with shame the passing virgin's cheek.

Yet let me not descend to trivial song,
 Nor vulgar circumstance my verse prolong;
 Why should I teach the maid when torrents pour,
 Her head to shelter from the sudden shower?
 Nature will best her ready hand inform,
 With her spread petticoat to fence the storm.
 Does not each walker know the warning sign,
 When wisps of straw depend upon the twine
 Cross the close street; that then the paver's art
 Renews the ways, deny'd to coach and cart?
 Who knows not that the coachman lashing by,
 Oft with his flourish cuts the heedless eye;
 And when he takes his stand, to wait a fare,
 His horses foreheads shun the winter air?
 Nor will I roam, when summer's sultry rays
 Parch the dry ground, and spread with dust the ways;
 With whirling gusts the rapid atoms rise,
 Smoke o'er the pavement, and involve the skies.

Winter my theme confines: whose nitry wind
 Shall crust the flabby mire, and kennels bind;
 She bids the snow descend in flaky sheets,
 And in her hoary mantle cloath the streets.
 Let not the virgin tread these slippery roads,
 The gathering fleece the hollow patten loads;

But if thy footstep slides with clotted frost,
 Strike off the breaking balls against the post.
 On silent wheel the passing coaches roll;
 Oft look behind, and ward the threatening pole.
 In harden'd orbs the school-boy moulds the snow,
 To mark the coachman with a dextrous throw.
 Why do ye, boys, the kennel's surface spread,
 To tempt with faithless paws the matron's tread?
 How can ye laugh to see the damsel spurn,
 Sink in your frauds, and her green stocking mourn?
 At White's the harness'd chairman idly stands,
 And swings around his waist his tingling hands:
 The sempstresses speeds to Change with red-tipt nose;
 The Belgian stove beneath her footstool glows;
 In half whipt muslin needles useless ly,
 And shuttle-cocks across the counter fly.
 These sports warm harmless; why then will ye prove,
 Deluded maids, the dang'rous flame of love?

Where Covent-Garden's famous temple stands,
 That boasts the work of Jones' immortal hands:
 Columns with plain magnificence appear,
 And graceful porches lead along the square:
 Here oft my course I bend, when lo! from far,
 I spy the furies of the football war:
 The 'prentice quits his shop, to join the crew,
 Increasing crouds the flying game pursue.
 Thus, as you roll the ball o'er snowy ground,
 The gath'ring globe augments with ev'ry round.
 But whither shall I run? the throng draws nigh,
 The ball now skims the street, now soars on high;
 The dext'rous glazier strong returns the bound,
 And gingling falls on the penthouse found.

O roving Muse, recal that wond'rous year,
 When winter reign'd in bleak Britannia's air;
 When hoary Thames, with frosted ozers crown'd,
 Was three long moons in icy fetters bound.
 The waterman, forlorn along the shore,
 Pensive reclines upon his useless oar,
 Sees harness'd steeds desert the stony town;
 And wander roads unstable not their own:
 Wheels o'er the harden'd waters smoothly glide,
 And raise with whiten'd tracks the slipp'ry tide.
 Here the fat cook piles high the blazing fire,
 And scarce the spit can turn the steer entire.
 Booths sudden hide the Thames, long streets appear,
 And num'rous games proclaim the croud'd fair.
 So when a general bids the martial train
 Spread their encampment o'er the spacious plain;
 Thick rising tents a canvas city build,
 And the loud dice resound through all the field.

'Twas here the matron found a doleful fate:
 Let elegiac lay the woe relate,
 Soft as the breath of distant flutes, at hours
 When silent evening closes up the flowers;
 Lulling as falling water's hollow noise;
 Indulging grief, like Philomela's voice,

Doll every day had walk'd these treach'rous roads;
 Her neck grew warpt beneath autumnal loads
 Of various fruit; she now a basket bore,
 That head, alas! shall basket bear no more.
 Each booth she frequent past, in quest of gain,
 And boys with pleasure heard her shrilling strain.
 Ah Doll! all mortals must resign their breath,
 And industry itself submit to death!

The cracking crystal yields, she sinks, she dies,
Her head chopt off, from her lost shoulders flies;
Pippins she cry'd, but death her voice confounds,
And pip-pip-pip along the ice resounds.

So when the Thracian furies Orpheus tore,
And left his bleeding trunk deform'd with gore,
His fever'd head floats down the silver tide,
His yet warm tongue for his lost comfort cry'd;
Eurydice with quiv'ring voice he mourn'd,
And Heber's banks Eurydice return'd.

But now the western gale the flood unbinds,
And black'ning clouds move on with warmer winds,
The wooden town its frail foundation leaves,
And Thames' full urn rolls down his plenteous waves;
From ev'ry penthouse streams the fleeting snow,
And with dissolving frost the pavements flow.

Experienc'd men, inur'd to city-ways,
Need not the calendar to count their days.
When through the town with slow and solemn air,
Led by the nostril, walks the muzzled bear;
Behind him moves majestically dull,
The pride of Hockley-hole, the furly bull;
Learn hence the periods of the week to name,
Mondays and Thursdays are the days of game.

When fishy stalls with double store are laid;
The golden-belly'd carp, the broad-finn'd maid,
Red-speckled trouts, the salmon's silver jowl,
The jointed lobster, and unscaly soale,
And luscious 'scallops to allure the tastes
Of rigid zealots to delicious feasts;
Wednesdays and Fridays you'll observe from hence,
Days, when our fires were doom'd to abstinence.

When dirty waters from balconies drop,
 And dext'rous damsels twirl the sprinkling mop,
 And cleanse the spatter'd fash, and scrub the stairs;
 Know Saturday's conclusive morn appears.

Successive cries the season's change declare,
 And mark the monthly progress of the year.
 Hark, how the streets with treble voices ring,
 To sell the bounteous product of the spring!
 Sweet-smelling flow'rs, and elder's early bud,
 With nettle's tender shoots, to cleanse the blood:
 And when June's thunder cools the sultry skies,
 Ev'n Sundays are prophan'd by mackrel cries.

Walnuts the fruit'rer's hand in autumn stain,
 Blue plums and juicy pears augment his gain;
 Next oranges the longing boys entice,
 To trust their copper fortunes to the dice.

When rosemary, and bays, the poet's crown,
 Are bawl'd, in frequent cries, through all the town,
 Then judge the festival of Christmas near,
 Christmas, the joyous period of the year.
 Now with bright holly all your temples strow,
 With laurel green, and sacred mistletoe.
 Now, heav'n-born Charity, thy blessings shed;
 Bid meagre Want uprear her sickly head:
 Bid shiv'ring limbs be warm; let plenty's bowl
 In humble roofs make glad the needy soul.
 See, see, the heaven-born maid her blessings shed;
 Lo! meagre Want uprears her sickly head,
 Cloath'd are the naked, and the needy glad,
 While selfish Avarice alone is sad.

Proud coaches pass, regardless of the moan
 Of infant orphans, and the widow's groan;

While charity still moves the walker's mind,
His liberal purse relieves the lame and blind.
Judiciously thy half-pence are bestow'd,
Where the laborious beggar sweeps the road.
Whate'er you give, give ever at demand,
Nor let old age long stretch his palsy'd hand.
Those who give late, are importun'd each day,
And still are teaz'd, because they still delay.
If e'er the miser durst his farthings spare,
He thinly spreads them through the public square,
Where, all beside the rail, rang'd beggars lie,
And from each other catch the doleful cry;
With heav'n, for twopence, cheaply wipes his score,
Lifts up his eyes, and hastes to beggar more.

Where the brass knocker, wrapt in flannel band,
Forbids the thunder of the footman's hand;
Th' upholder, rueful harbinger of death,
Waits with impatience for the dying breath;
As vultures o'er a camp, with hov'ring flight,
Snuff up the future carnage of the fight.
Here canst thou pass, unmindful of a pray'r,
That heav'n in mercy may thy brother spare?

Come, F * * * sincere, experienc'd friend,
Thy briefs, thy deeds, and ev'n thy fees suspend;
Come let us leave the Temple's silent walls,
Me bus'ness to my distant lodging calls:
Thro' the long Strand together let us stray:
With thee conversing I forget the way.
Behold that narrow street which steep descends,
Whose building to the slimy shore extends;
Here Arundel's fair structure rear'd its frame,
The street alone retains an empty name:

Where Titian's glowing paint the canvas warm'd,
 And Raphael's fair design, with judgment, charm'd,
 Now hangs the bellman's song, and pasted here
 The colour'd prints of Overton appear.

Where statues breath'd the works of Phidia's hands,
 A wooden pump, or lonely watch-house stands.

There Essex' stately pile adorn'd the shore,

There Cecil's, Bedford's, Villiers' now no more.

Yet Burlington's fair palace still remains;

Beauty within, without proportion reigns.

Beneath his eye declining art revives,

The wall with animated picture lives;

There Handel strikes the strings, the melting strain

Transports the soul, and thrills thro' ev'ry vein;

There oft I enter, (but with cleaner shoes)

For Burlington's belov'd by ev'ry muse.

O ye associate walkers, O my friends,

Upon your state what happiness attends!

What though no coach to frequent visit rolls,

Nor for your shilling chairmen sling their poles;

Yet still your nerves rheumatic pains defy,

Nor lazy jaundice dulls your saffron eye;

No wasting cough discharges sounds of death,

Nor wheezing asthma heaves in vain for breath;

Nor from your restless couch is heard the groan

Of burning gout, or sedentary stone.

Let others in the jolting coach confide,

Or in the leaky boat the Thames divide;

Or, box'd within the chair, condemn the street,

And trust their safety to another's feet;

Still let me walk; for oft the sudden gale

Ruffles the tide, and shifts the dang'rous sail.

Then shall the passenger too late deplore,
The whelming billow, and the faithless oar ;
The drunken chairman in the kennel spurns,
The glasses shatters, and his charge o'erturns.
Who can recount the coach's various harms,
The legs disjointed, and the broken arms ?

I've seen a beau, in some ill-fated hour,
When o'er the stones choak'd kennels swell the
 flow'r,

In gilded chariot loll ; he with disdain
Views spatter'd passengers all drench'd in rain ;
With mud fill'd high, the rumbling cart draws near,
Now rule thy prancing steeds, lac'd charioteer ;
The dustman lashes on with spiteful rage,
His ponderous spokes thy painted wheel engage,
Crush'd is thy pride, down falls the shrieking beau,
The slabby pavement crystal fragments strow,
Black floods of mire th' embroider'd coat disgrace,
And mud enwraps the honours of his face.
So when dread Jove the son of Phoebus hurl'd,
Scar'd with dark thunder, to the nether world ;
The headstrong courfers tore the silver reins,
And the sun's beamy ruin gilds the plains.

If the pale walker pant with weak'ning ills,
His sickly hand is stor'd with friendly bills :
From hence he learns the seventh-born doctor's fame,
From hence he learns the cheapest tailor's name.

Shall the large mutton smoak upon your boards ?
Such, Newgate's copious market best affords.
Would'st thou with mighty beef augment thy meal ?
Seek Leadenhall ; St James's sends thee veal ;

Thames-street gives cheeses ; Covent-garden fruits ;
Moorfields old books, and Monmouth-street old suits.
Hence mayst thou well supply the wants of life,
Support thy family, and cloath thy wife.

Volumes on shelter'd stalls expanded lie,
And various science lures the learned eye ;
The bending shelves with pond'rous scholiasts groan,
And deep divines to modern shops unknown :
Here, like the bee, that on industrious wing
Collects the various odours of the spring,
Walkers, at leisure, learning's flow'rs may spoil,
Nor watch the wasting of the midnight oil,
May morals snatch from Plutarch's tatter'd page,
A mildew'd Bacon, or Stagyra's sage.
Here sauntering 'prentices o'er Otway weep,
O'er Congreve smile, or over D** sleep ;
Pleas'd sempstresses the Lock's fam'd Rape unfold,
And Squirts * read Garth, till apozems grow cold.

O Lintot, let my labours obvious lie,
Rang'd on thy stall, for ev'ry curious eye ;
So shall the poor these precepts gratis know,
And to my verse their future safeties know.

What walker shall his mean ambition fix
On the false lustre of a coach and six ?
Let the vain virgin, lur'd by glaring show,
Sigh for the liv'ries of th' embroider'd beau.

See yon bright chariot on its braces swing,
With Flanders mares, and on an arched spring.

* The name of an apothecary's boy in the poem of
the Dispensary.

That wretch, to gain an equipage and place,
Betray'd his sister to a lewd embrace.
This coach, that with the blazon'd 'scutcheon glows
Vain of his unknown race, the coxcomb shows.
Here the brib'd lawyer, sunk in velvet, sleeps;
The starving orphan, as he passes, weeps;
There flames a fool, begirt with tinsel'd slaves,
Who wastes the wealth of a whole race of knaves.
That other, with a clust'ring train behind,
Owes his new honours to a fordid mind,
This next in court-fidelity excells,
The public rifles, and his country fells.
May the proud chariot never be my fate,
If purchas'd at so mean, so dear a rate;
Or rather give me sweet content on foot,
Wrapt in my virtue, and a good furtout!

TRIVIA.

BOOK III.

Of Walking the Streets by Night.

O TRIVIA ! goddess, leave those low abodes,
And traverse o'er the wide etherial roads,
Celestial queen, put on thy robes of light,
Now Cynthia nam'd fair regent of the night.
At sight of thee the villain sheathes his sword,
Nor scales the wall, to steal the wealthy hoard.
O may thy silver lamp, from heav'n's high bow'r,
Direct my footsteps in the midnight hour !

When night first bids the twinkling stars appear,
Or with her cloudy vest inwraps the air,
Then swarms the busy street ; with caution tread,
Where the shop windows falling threat thy head ;
Now lab'ers home return, and join their strength
To bear the tott'ring plank, or ladder's length ;
Still fix thy eyes intent upon the throng,
And as the passes open, wind along.

Where the fair columns of St Clement stand,
Whose straiten'd bounds encroach upon the Strand ;
Where the low penthouse bows the walker's head,
And the rough pavement wounds the yielding tread ;

Where not a post protects the narrow space,
And, strung in twines, combs dangle in thy face;
Summon at once thy courage, rouse thy care,
Stand firm, look back, be resolute, beware.
Forth issuing from steep lanes, the colliers steeds
Drag the black load; another cart succeeds;
Team follows team, crouds heap'd on crouds appear,
And wait impatient till the road grow clear.
Now all the pavement sounds with trampling feet,
And the mixt hurry barricades the street.
Entangl'd here, the waggon's lengthen'd team
Cracks the tough harness; here a pond'rous beam
Lies overturn'd athwart; for slaughter fed
Here lowing bullocks raise their horned head.
Now oaths grow loud, with coaches coaches jar,
And the smart blow provokes the sturdy war;
From the high box they whirl the thong around,
And with the twining lash their shins resound:
Their rage ferments, more dang'rous wounds they try,
And the blood gushes down their painful eye.
And now on foot the frowning warriors light,
And with their pond'rous fists renew the fight;
Blow answers blow, their cheeks are smear'd with
blood,
Till down they fall, and grappling roll in mud.
So when two boars, in wild Ytene * bred,
Or on Westphalia's fatt'ning chestnuts fed,
Gnash their sharp tusks, and rous'd with equal fire,
Dispute the reign of some luxurious mire;

* New Forest in Hampshire, anciently so called.

In the black flood they wallow o'er and o'er,
Till their arm'd jaws distil with foam and gore.

Where the mob gathers, swiftly shoot along,
Nor idly mingle with the noisy throng.
Lur'd by the silver hilt, amid the swarm,
The subtil artist will thy side disarm.
Nor is thy flaxen wig with safety worn;
High on the shoulder in a basket borne
Lurks the sly boy; whose hand to rapine bred,
Plucks off the curling honours of thy head.
Here dives the skulking thief, with practis'd flight,
And unfelt fingers make thy pockets light.
Where's now the watch, with all its trinkets, flown?
And thy late snuff-box is no more thy own.
But lo! his bolder thefts some tradesman spies,
Swift from his prey the scudding lurcher flies;
Dex'trous he 'scapes the coach with nimble bounds,
While ev'ry honest tongue *Stop thief* resounds.
So speeds the wily fox, alarm'd by fear,
Who lately filch'd the turkey's callow care;
Hounds following hounds, grow louder as he flies,
And injur'd tenants join the hunter's cries.
Breathless he stumbling falls: Ill-fated boy!
Why did not honest work thy youth employ?
Seiz'd by rough hands, he's dragg'd amid the rout,
And stretch'd beneath the pump's incessant spout:
Or plung'd in miry ponds, he gasping lies,
Mud choaks his mouth, and plaisters o'er his eyes.

Let not the ballad-singer's shrilling strain
Amid the swarm thy list'ning ear detain:
Guard well thy pocket; for these Syrens stand
To aid the labours of the diving hand;

Confed'rate in the cheat, they draw the throng,
And cambrick handkerchiefs reward the song;
But soon as coach or cart drives ratt'ling on,
The rabble part, in shoals they backward run.
So Jove's loud bolts the mingled war divide,
And Greece and Troy retreat on either side.

If the rude throng pour on with furious pace,
And hap to break thee from a friend's embrace,
Stop short; nor struggle through the croud in vain,
But watch with careful eye the passing train.
Yet I (perhaps too fond) if chance the tide
Tumultuous bear my partner from my side,
Impatient venture back; despising harm,
I force my passage where the thickest swarm.
Thus his lost bride the Trojan fought in vain,
Through night, and arms, and flames, and hills of
slain.

Thus Nisus wander'd o'er the pathless grove,
To find the brave companion of his love.
The pathless grove in vain he wanders o'er:
Euryalus, alas! is now no more.

That walker, who regardless of his pace,
Turns oft to pore upon the damsel's face,
From side to side by thrusting elbows tost,
Shall strike his aking breast against the post;
Or water, dash'd from fishy stalls, shall stain
His hapless coat with spirts of scaly rain.
But if unwarily he chance to stray,
Where twirling turnstiles intercept the way,
The thwarting passenger shall force them round,
And beat the wretch half breathless to the ground.

Let constant vigilance thy footsteps guide,
 And wary circumspection guard thy side;
 Then shalt thou walk unharm'd the dang'rous night,
 Nor need th' officious link-boy's smoky light.
 Thou never wilt attempt to cross the road,
 Where alehouse-benches rest the porter's load,
 Grievous to heedless shins; no barrow's wheel,
 That bruises oft the truant school-boy's heel,
 Behind thee rolling, with insidious pace,
 Shall mark thy stocking with a miry trace.
 Let not thy vent'rous steps approach too nigh,
 Where gaping wide, low steepy cellars lie,
 Should thy shoe wrench aside, down, down you fall,
 And overturn the scolding huckster's stall;
 The scolding huckster shall not o'er thee moan,
 But pence exact for nuts and pears o'erthrown.

Though you through cleaner alleys wind by day,
 To shun the hurries of the public way,
 Yet ne'er to those dark paths by night retire;
 Mind only safety, and condemn the mire.
 Then no impervious courts thy haste detain,
 Nor sneering alewives bid thee turn again.

Where Lincoln's-inn, wide space, is rail'd around,
 Cross not with vent'rous step; there oft is found
 The lurking thief, who while the day-light shone,
 Made the walls echo with his begging tone:
 That crutch which late compassion mov'd, shall wound
 Thy bleeding head, and fell thee to the ground.
 Tho' thou are tempted by the linkman's call,
 Yet trust him not along the lonely wall;
 In the midway he'll quench the flaming brand,
 And share the booty with the pilf'ring band.

Still keep the public streets, where oily rays
Shot from the crystal lamp, o'erspread the ways.

Happy Augusta ! law-defended town !
Here no dark lanthrons shade the villain's frown ;
No Spanish jealousies thy lanes infest,
Nor Roman vengeance stabs th' unwary breast ;
Here tyranny ne'er lifts her purple hand,
But liberty and justice guard the land ;
No bravoes here profess the bloody trade,
Nor is the church the murd'rer's refuge made.

Let not the chairman, with assuming stride,
Press near the wall, and rudely thrust thy side ;
The laws have set him bounds ; his fervile feet
Should ne'er encroach where posts defend the street.
Yet who the footman's arrogance can quell,
Whose flambeau gilds the fashes of Pell-mell,
When in long rank a train of torches flame,
To light the midnight visits of the dame ?
Others, perhaps, by happier guidance led,
May, where the chairman rests, with safety tread ;
Whene'er I pass, their poles unseen below,
Make my knee tremble with the jarring blow.

If wheels bar up the road where streets are crost,
With gentle words the coachman's ear accost :
He ne'er the threat, or harsh command obeys,
But with contempt the spatter'd shoe surveys.
Now man with utmost fortitude thy soul,
To cross the way where carts and coaches roll ;
Yet do not in thy hardy skill confide,
Nor rashly risk the kennel's spacious stride ;
Stay till afar the distant wheel you hear,
Like dying thunder in the breaking air ;

Thy foot will slide upon the miry stone,
 And passing coaches crush thy tortur'd bone,
 Or wheels inclose the road ; on either hand
 Pent round with perils, in the midst you stand,
 And call for aid in vain ; the coachman swears,
 And carmen drive, unmindful of thy pray'rs.
 Where wilt thou turn ? ah ! whither wilt thou fly ?
 On ev'ry side the pressing spokes are nigh.
 So sailors, while Charybdis' gulph they shun,
 Amaz'd, on Scylla's craggy dangers run.

Be sure observe where brown Ostrea stands,
 Who boasts her shelly ware from Wallfleet sands,
 There may'st thou pass, with safe unmiry feet,
 Where the rais'd pavement leads athwart the street.
 If where Fleetditch with muddy current flows,
 You chance to roam ; where oyster-tubs in rows
 Are rang'd beside the posts ; there stay thy haste,
 And with the sav'ry fish indulge thy taste :
 The damsel's knife the gaping shell commands,
 While the salt liquor streams between her hands.

The man had sure a palate cover'd o'er
 With brass or steel, that on the rocky shore
 First broke the oozy oyster's pearly coat,
 And risk'd the living morsel down his throat.
 What will not lux'ry taste ? Earth, sea, and air
 Are daily ranfack'd for the bill of fare.
 Blood stuff'd in skins is British Christians' food,
 And France robs marshes of the croaking brood ;
 Spungy morels in strong ragouts are found,
 And in the soup the slimy snail is drown'd.

When from high spouts the dashing torrents fall,
 Ever be watchful to maintain the wall ;

For should'st thou quit thy ground, the rushing throng
Will with impetuous fury drive along;
All press to gain those honours thou hast lost,
And rudely shove thee far without the post.
Then to retrieve the shade you strive in vain,
Draggled all o'er, and soak'd in floods of rain,
Yet rather bear the show'r, and toils of mud,
Than in the doubtful quarrel risk thy blood.
O think on Oedipus' detested state,
And by his woes be warn'd to shun thy fate.

Where three roads join'd he met his fire unknown;
(Unhappy fire, and more unhappy son!)
Each claim'd the way, their swords the strife decide;
The hoary monarch fell, he groan'd, and dy'd!
Hence sprung the fatal plague that thin'd thy reign,
Thy cursed incest, and thy children slain!
Hence wert thou doom'd in endless night to stray,
Through Theban streets, and cheerless grope thy way.

Contemplate, mortal, on thy fleeting years;
See, with black train the funeral pomp appears!
Whether some heir attends in sable state,
And mourns with outward grief a parent's fate;
Or the fair virgin, nipt in beauty's bloom,
A croud of lover's follow to her tomb.
Why is the hearse with 'scutcheons blazon'd round,
And with the nodding plume of ostrich crown'd?
No: The dead know it not, nor profit gain;
It only serves to prove the living vain;
How short is life! how frail is human trust!
Is all this pomp for laying dust to dust?

Where the nail'd hoop defends the painted stall,
Brush not thy sweeping skirt too near the wall;

Thy heedless sleeve will drink the colour'd oil,
 And spot indelible thy pocket foil.
 Has not wise nature strung the legs and feet
 With firmest nerves, design'd to walk the street?
 Has she not given us hands to grop aright,
 Amidst the frequent dangers of the night?
 And think'st thou not the double nostril meant
 To warn from oily woes by previous scent?

† Who can the various city-frauds recite,
 With all the petty rapines of the night?
 Who now the guinea-dropper's bait regards,
 Trick'd by the sharper's dice, or juggler's cards?
 Why should I warn thee ne'er to join the fray,
 Where the sham-quarrel interrupts the way?
 Lives there in these our days so soft a clown,
 Brav'd by the bully's oaths, or threat'ning frown?
 I need not strict enjoin the pocket's care,
 When from the crouded play thou lead'st the fair;
 Who has not here, or watch, or snuff-box lost,
 Or handkerchief that India's shuttle boast?

O! may thy virtue guard thee through the roads
 Of Drury's mazy courts, and dark abodes.
 The harlots' guileful paths, who nightly stand,
 Where Katherine-street descends into the Strand.
 Say, vagrant Muse, their wiles and subtile arts,
 To lure the strangers unsuspecting hearts:
 So shall our youth on healthful sinews tread,
 And city-cheeks grow warm with rural red.

'Tis she who nightly strolls with saunt'ring pace,
 No stubborn stays her yielding shape embrace;

† Various cheats formerly in practice.

Beneath the lamp her tawdry ribbons glare,
 The new-scour'd mantua, and the flattern air ;
 High-draggled petticoats her travels show,
 And hollow cheeks with artful blushes glow ;
 With flatt'ring sounds she soothes the cred'lous ear,
 My Noble Captain ! Charmer ! Love ! My dear !
 In riding-hood near tavern-doors she plies,
 Or muffled pinner's hide her livid eyes.
 With empty band-box she delights to range,
 And feigns a distant errand from the 'Change ;
 Nay, she will oft the Quaker's hood profane,
 And trudge demure the rounds of Drury-lane.
 She darts from farsnet ambush wily leers,
 Twitches thy sleeve, or with familiar airs
 Her fan will pat thy cheek ; these snares disdain,
 Nor gaze behind thee, when she turns again.

I knew a yeoman, who for thirst of gain,
 To the great city drove from Devon's plain
 His num'rous lowing herd ; his herds he sold,
 And his deep leathern pocket bagg'd with gold :
 Drawn by a fraudulent nymph, he gaz'd, he sigh'd ;
 Unmindful of his home, and distant bride ;
 She leads the willing victim to his doom,
 Through winding alleys to her cobweb-room,
 Thence through the street he reels from post to post,
 Valiant with wine, nor knows his treasure lost,
 The vagrant wretch th' assembled watchmen spies,
 He waves his hanger, and their poles defies ;
 Deep in the Roundhouse pent, all night he snore,
 And the next morn in vain his fate deplores.

Ah hapless swain, unus'd to pains and ills !
 Canst thou forego roast-beef for nauseous pills ?

How wilt thou lift to heav'n thy eyes and hands,
 When the long scroll the surgeon's fees demands !
 Or else (ye gods avert that worst disgrace !)
 Thy ruin'd nose falls level with thy face ;
 Then shall thy wife thy loathsome kifs disdain,
 And wholesome neighbours from thy mug refrain.

Yet there are watchmen, who with friendly light
 Will teach thy reeling steps to tread aright ;
 For sixpence will support thy helpless arm,
 And home conduct thee, safe from nightly harm :
 But if they shake their lanthorns, from afar
 To call their brethren to confed'rate war
 When rakes resist their pow'r ; if hapless you
 Should chance to wander with the scow'ring crew ;
 Though fortune yield thee captive, ne'er despair,
 But seek the constable's confid'rate ear ;
 He will reverse the watchman's harsh decree,
 Mov'd by the rhet'ric of a silver fee.
 Thus would you gain some fav'rite courtier's word,
 Fee not the petty clerks, but bribe my Lord.

Now is the time that rakes their revels keep ;
 Kindlers of riot, enemies of sleep.
 His scatter'd pence the flying Nickers * flings,
 And with the copper show'r the casement rings.
 Who has not heard the Scowrer's midnight fame ?
 Who has not trembled at the Mohawks name ?
 Was there a watchman took his hourly rounds,
 Safe from their blows, or new-invented wounds !

* Gentlemen who delighted to break windows with
 half-pence.

I pass their desp'rate deeds, and mischiefs done,
Where from Snowhill black steepy torrents run ;
How matrons, hoop'd within the hoghead's womb,
Were tumbled furious thence, the rolling tomb
O'er the stones thunders, bounds from side to side :
So Regulus to save his country dy'd.

Where a dim gleam the paly lanthorn throws
O'er the mid pavement, heapy rubbish grows ;
Or arched vaults their gaping jaws extend,
Or the dark cave to common shores descend.
Oft by the winds extinct the signal lies,
Or smothered in the glimmering socket dies,
E'er night has half roll'd round her ebon throne ;
In the wide gulph the shatter'd coach o'erthrown
Sinks with the snorting steeds ; the reins are broke,
And from the crackling axle flies the spoke.
So when fam'd Eddystone's far-shooting ray,
That led the sailor through the stormy way,
Was from its rocky roots by billows torn,
And the high turret in the whirlwind borne,
Fleets bulg'd their sides against the craggy land,
And pitchy ruins blacken'd all the strand.

Who then through night would hire the harness'd
steed,

And who would chuse the ratt'ling wheel for speed ?

But hark ! distress with screaming voice draws
nigh'r,

And wakes the slumb'ring street with cries of fire.
At first a glowing red enwraps the skies,
And borne by winds the scatt'ring sparks arise ;
From beam to beam the fierce contagion spreads ;
The spiry flames now lift aloft their heads,

Through the burst fash a blazing deluge pours,
And splitting tiles descend in rattling show'rs.
Now with thick crouds th' enlighten'd pavement
 swarms,
The fireman sweats beneath his crooked arms,
A leathern casque his vent'rous head defends,
Boldly he climbs where thickest smoke ascends;
Mov'd by the mother's streaming eyes and pray'rs,
The helpless infant through the flame he bears,
With no less virtue, than through hostile fire
The Dardan hero bore his aged fire.
See forceful engines spout their levell'd streams,
To quench the blaze that runs along the beams;
The grapling hook plucks rafters from the walls,
And heaps on heaps the smoky ruin falls.
Blown by strong winds the fiery tempest roars,
Bears down new walls, and pours along the floors;
The heav'ns are all a blaze, the face of night
Is cover'd with a sanguine dreadful light;
'Twas such a light involv'd thy tow'rs, O Rome,
The dire presage of mighty Caesar's doom,
When the sun veil'd in rust his mourning head,
And frightful prodigies the skies o'erspread.
Hark! the drum thunders! far, ye crouds, retire:
Behold! the ready match is tipt with fire,
The nitrous store is laid, the smutty train
With running blaze awakes the barrel'd grain;
Flames sudden wrap the walls; with sullen sound
The shatter'd pile sinks on the smoaky ground.
So when the years shall have revolv'd the date,
Th' ineyitable hour of Naples' fate,

Her sapp'd foundations shall with thunders shake,
And heave and tofs upon the sulph'rous lake;
Earth's womb at once the fiery flood shall rend,
And in th' abyfs her plunging tow'rs descend.

Consider, reader, what fatigues I've known,
The toils, the perils of the wint'ry town;
What riots seen, what bustling crouds I bor'd,
How oft I cross'd where carts and coaches roar'd;
Yet shall I bless my labours, if mankind
Their future safety from my dangers find,
Thus the bold traveller, (inur'd to toil,
Whose steps have printed Asia's desert soil,
The barb'rous Arabs haunt; or shiv'ring crost
Dark Greenland's mountains of eternal frost;
Whom providence in length of years restores
To the wish'd harbour of his native shores;)
Sets forth his journals to the public view,
To caution, by his woes, the wand'ring crew.

And now compleat my gen'rous labours lie,
Finish'd, and ripe for immortality.
Death shall entomb in dust this mould'ring frame,
But never reach th' eternal part, my fame.
When W* and G**, mighty names, are dead;
Or but at Chelsea under custards read;
When critics crazy bandboxes repair,
And tragedies, turn'd rockets, bounce in air;
High rais'd on Fleetstreet posts, consign'd to fame,
This work shall shine, and walkers bless my name.

EPISTLES

ON

SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

the first part of the year 1800
the second part of the year 1801
the third part of the year 1802
the fourth part of the year 1803

the fifth part of the year 1804
the sixth part of the year 1805
the seventh part of the year 1806
the eighth part of the year 1807

the ninth part of the year 1808
the tenth part of the year 1809
the eleventh part of the year 1810
the twelfth part of the year 1811

the thirteenth part of the year 1812
the fourteenth part of the year 1813
the fifteenth part of the year 1814
the sixteenth part of the year 1815

the seventeenth part of the year 1816
the eighteenth part of the year 1817
the nineteenth part of the year 1818
the twentieth part of the year 1819

the twenty-first part of the year 1820
the twenty-second part of the year 1821
the twenty-third part of the year 1822
the twenty-fourth part of the year 1823

the twenty-fifth part of the year 1824
the twenty-sixth part of the year 1825
the twenty-seventh part of the year 1826
the twenty-eighth part of the year 1827

the twenty-ninth part of the year 1828
the thirtieth part of the year 1829
the thirty-first part of the year 1830
the thirty-second part of the year 1831

the thirty-third part of the year 1832
the thirty-fourth part of the year 1833
the thirty-fifth part of the year 1834
the thirty-sixth part of the year 1835

EPISTLE I.

TO A LADY.

Occasioned by the Arrival of her ROYAL HIGHNESS.

MADAM, to all your censures I submit,
And frankly own I should long since have writ:
You told me, silence would be thought a crime,
And kindly strove to tease me into rhyme;
No more let trifling themes your Muse employ,
Nor lavish verse to paint a female toy:
No more on plains with rural damsels sport,
But sing the glories of the British court.

By your commands and inclination sway'd,
I call'd th' unwilling Muses to my aid;
Resolv'd to write, the noble theme I chose,
And to the Princess thus the poem rose.

' Aid me, bright Phoebus; aid, ye sacred Nine;
' Exalt my genius, and my verse refine.
' My strains with Carolina's name I grace,
' The lovely parent of our royal race.
' Breathe soft, ye winds, ye waves in silence sleep;
' Let prosp'rous breezes wanton o'er the deep,
' Swell the white sails, and with the streamers play,
' To waft her gently o'er the wat'ry way.'

Here I to Neptune form'd a pompous pray'r,
 To rein the winds, and guard the royal fair;
 Bid the blue Tritons sound their twisted shells,
 And call the Nereids from their pearly cells.

Thus my warm zeal had drawn the Muse along,
 Yet knew no method to conduct her song:
 I then resolv'd some model to pursue,
 Perus'd French critics, and began anew.
 Long open panegyric drags at best,
 And praise is only praise when well address'd.

Straight Horace for some lucky ode I fought;
 And all along I trac'd him thought by thought:
 This new performance to a friend I show'd;
 For shame, says he, what, imitate an ode!
 I'd rather ballads write, and Grubstreet-lays,
 Than pillage Caesar for my patron's praise:
 One common fate all imitators share,
 To save mince-pies, and cap the grocer's ware.
 Vex'd at the charge, I to the flames commit
 Rhymes, similes, lords names, and ends of wit;
 In blotted stanzas scraps of odes expire,
 And fustian mounts in pyramids of fire.

Ladies, to you I next inscrib'd my lay,
 And writ a letter in familiar way:
 For still impatient till the Princess came,
 You from description wish'd to know the dame.
 Each day my pleasing labour larger grew,
 For still new graces open'd to my view.
 Twelve lines ran on to introduce the theme,
 And then I thus pursu'd the growing scheme:

'Beauty and wit were sure by nature join'd,
 And charms are emanations of the mind;

- The soul transpiercing through the shining frame,
- Forms all the graces of the princely dame :
- Benevolence her conversation guides,
- Smiles on her cheek, and in her eye resides.
- Such harmony upon her tongue is found,
- As softens English to Italian sound :
- Yet in those sounds such sentiments appear,
- As charm the judgment, while they soothe the ear.
- Religion's chearful flame her bosom warms,
- Calms all her hours, and brightens all her charms.
- Henceforth, ye fair, at chapel mind your pray'rs,
- Nor catch your lover's eyes with artful airs ;
- Restrain your looks, kneel more, and whisper less,
- Nor most devoutly criticize on drefs.
- From her, form all your characters of life,
- The tender mother, and the faithful wife.
- Oft have I seen her little infant train,
- The lovely promise of a future reign ;
- Observ'd with pleasure ev'ry dawning grace,
- And all the mother opening in their face ;
- The son shall add new honours to the line,
- And early with paternal virtues shine ;
- When he the tale of Audenard repeats,
- His little heart with emulation beats ;
- With conquests yet to come his bosom glows,
- He dreams of triumphs, and of vanquish'd foes.
- Each year with arts shall store his rip'ning brain,
- And from his grandsire he shall learn to reign.

Thus far I'd gone : Propitious rising gales
Now bid the sailor hoist the swelling sails,
Fair Carolina lands ; the cannons roar,
White Albion's cliffs resound from shore to shore.

Behold the bright original appear
All praise is faint when Carolina's near.
Thus to the nation's joy, but poet's cost,
The Princess came, and my new plan was lost.

Since all my schemes were baulk'd, my last resort,
I left the Muses, to frequent the court;
Pensive each night, from room to room I walk'd,
To one I bow'd, and with another talk'd;
Inquir'd what news, or such a lady's name,
And did the next day, and the next, the same.
Places, I found, were daily given away,
And yet no friendly gazette mention'd Gay.
I ask'd a friend what method to pursue;
He cry'd, I want a place as well as you.
Another ask'd me, why I had not writ;
A poet owes his fortune to his wit.
Straight I reply'd, With what a courtly grace,
Flows easy verse from him that has a place!
Had Virgil ne'er at court improv'd his strains,
He still had sung of flocks and homely swains;
And had not Horace sweet preferment found,
The Roman lyre had never learnt to sound.

Once ladies fair in homely guise I sung,
And with their names wild woods and mountains
rung :

Oh teach me now to strike a softer strain !
The court refines the language of the plain.

You must, cries one, the ministry rehearse,
And with each patriot's name prolong your verse.
But sure this truth to poets should be known,
That praising all alike, is praising none.

Another told me, If I wish'd success,
To some distinguish'd lord I must address;
One whose high virtues speak his noble blood,
One always zealous for his country's good;
Where valour and strong eloquence unite,
In council cautious, resolute in fight;
Whose gen'rous temper prompts him to defend,
And patronize the man that wants a friend.
You have, 'tis true, the noble patron shown;
But I, alas! am to Argyle unknown.

Still ev'ry one I met in this agreed,
That writing was my method to succeed;
But now preferments so possess'd my brain,
That scarce I could produce a single strain:
Indeed I sometimes hammer'd out a line,
Without connection, as without design.
One morn upon the Princess this I writ,
An epigram that boasts more truth than wit.

' The pomp of titles easy faith might shake,
' She scorn'd an empire for religion's sake:
' For this, on earth the British crown is giv'n,
' And an immortal crown decreed in heav'n.'

Again, while GEORGE's virtues rais'd my thought,
The following lines prophetic fancy wrought.

' Methinks I see some bard, whose heav'nly rage
' Shall rise in song, and warm a future age;
' Look back thro' time, and, rapt in wonder, trace,
' The glorious series of the Brunswick race.

' From the first George the godlike kings descend,
' A line which only with the world shall end.
' The next a gen'rous prince renown'd in arms,
' And blest'd, long blest'd in Carolina charms;

- ‘ From these the rest. ’Tis thus secure in peace,
- ‘ We plow the fields, and reap the year’s increase :
- ‘ Now Commerce, wealthy goddess, rears her head,
- ‘ And bids Britannia’s fleets their canvas spread ;
- Unnumber’d ships the peopled ocean hide,
- And wealth returns with each revolving tide.’

Here paus’d the sullen Muse, in haste I dress’d,
 And through the croud of needy courtiers press’d ;
 Though unsuccessful, happy whilst I see
 Those eyes that glad a nation, shine on me.

EPISTLE II.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE

EARL of BURLINGTON.

A Journey to EXETER.

WHILE you, my Lord, bid stately piles ascend,
Or in your Chiswick bow'rs enjoy your friend;
Where Pope unloads the bows within his reach,
The purple vine, blue plum, and blushing peach;
I journey far—You knew fat bards might tire,
And, mounted, sent me forth your trusty squire.

'Twas on the day when city-dames repair
To take their weekly dose of Hide-park air;
When forth we trot: No carts the road infest,
For still on Sundays country-horses rest.
Thy gardens, Kensington, we leave unseen;
Through Hammer-smith jog on to Turnhamgreen:
That Turnhamgreen, which dainty pigeons fed,
But feeds no more; for Solomon * is dead.

* A man lately famous for feeding pigeons at
Turnhamgreen,

Three dusty miles reach Brentford's tedious town,
For dirty streets, and white-legg'd chickens known :
Thence o'er wide shrubby heaths, and furrow'd lanes,
We come, where Thames divides the meads of Stanes.
We ferry'd o'er ; for late the winter's flood
Shook her frail bridge, and tore her piles of wood.
Prepar'd for war, now Bagshot-heath we cross,
Where broken gamesters oft repair their loss.
At Hartley-row the foaming bit we prest,
While the fat landlord welcom'd ev'ry guest.
Supper was ended, healths the glasses crown'd ;
Our host extoll'd his wine at ev'ry round ;
Relates the justices late meeting there,
How many bottles drank, and what their cheer ;
What lords had been his guests in days of yore,
And prais'd their wisdom much, their drinking
more.

Let travellers the morning vigils keep :
The morning rose, but we lay fast asleep.
Twelve tedious miles we bore the sultry sun,
And Popham-lane was scarce in sight by one :
The straggling village harbour'd thieves of old,
'Twas here the stage-coach'd lass resign'd her gold ;
That gold which had in London purchas'd gowns,
And sent her home a belle to country towns.
But robbers haunt no more the neighb'ring wood :
Here unown'd infants find their daily food ;
For should the maiden-mother nurse her son,
'Twould spoil her match when her good name is gone.
Our jolly hostess nineteen children bore,
Nor fail'd her breast to suckle nineteen more.

Be just, ye prudes, wipe off the long arrear :
Be virgins still in town, but mothers here.

Sutton we pass, and leave her spacious down,
And with the setting sun reach Stockbridge town.
O'er our parch'd tongue the rich metheglin glides,
And the red dainty trout our knife divides.

Sad melancholy ev'ry visage wears ;
What, no election come in sev'n long years !
† Of all our race of mayors, shall Snow alone
Be by Sir Richard's dedication known ?
Our streets no more with tides of ale shall float,
Nor cobblers feast three years upon one vote.

Next morn, twelve miles led o'er th' unbounded
plain,
Where the cloak'd shepherd guides his fleecy train,
No leafy bow'rs a noon-day shelter lend,
Nor from the chilly dews at night defend :
With wondrous art, he counts the straggling flock,
And by the sun informs you what's a clock.
How are our shepherds fallen from antient days !
No Amaryllis chaunts alternate lays ;
From her no list'ning echoes learn to sing,
Nor with his reed the jocund vallies ring.

Here sheep the pasture hide, there harvests bend,
See Sarum's steeple o'er yon hill ascend ;
Our horses faintly trot beneath the heat,
And our keen stomachs know the hour to eat.

† Sir Richard Steel, member for Stockbridge, wrote a treatise, called The Importance of Dunkirk considered, and dedicated it to Mr John Snow, Bailiff of Stockbridge.

Who can forsake thy walls, and not admire
The proud cathedral, and the lofty spire?
What sempstrefs has not prov'd thy scissars good?
From hence first came th' intriguing riding-hood.
Amid three boarding-schools *, well stock'd with
 miffes,
Shall three knight-errants starve for want of kisses?
O'er the green turf the miles slide swift away,
And Blandford ends the labours of the day.
The morning rose; the supper reck'ning paid,
And our due fees discharg'd to man and maid,
The ready ostler near the stirrup stands,
And as we mount, our half-pence load his hands.
Now the steep hill fair Dorchester o'erlooks,
Border'd by meads, and wash'd by silver brooks.
Here sleep my two companions eyes supprest,
And, propt in elbow-chairs, they snoring rest:
I weary sit, and with my pencil trace
Their painful postures, and their eyeless face;
Then dedicate each glass to some fair name,
And on the sash the diamond scrawls my flame.
Now o'er true Roman way our horses sound,
Grævius would kneel, and kiss the sacred ground.
On either side low fertile vallies lie,
The distant prospects tire the travelling eye.
Through Bridport's stony lanes our rout we take,
And the proud steep descend to Morcombe's lake.
As hearses pass'd, our landlord robb'd the pall,
And with the mournful 'scutcheon hung his hall.

* There are three boarding schools in this town.

On unadulterate wine we here regale,
And strip the lobster of his scarlet mail.

We climb'd the hills, when starry night arose,
And Axminster affords a kind repose.

The maid subdu'd by fees, her trunk unlocks,
And gives the cleanly aid of dowlas smokes.

Mean time our shirts her busy fingers rub,
While the soap lathers o'er the foaming tub.

If womens' geer such pleasing dreams incite,
Lend us your smocks, ye damsels, ev'ry night!

We rise, our beards demand the barber's art;
A female enters, and performs the part.

The weighty golden chain adorns her neck,
And three gold rings her skilful hand bedeck:

Smooth o'er our chin her easy fingers move,
Soft as when Venus stroak'd the beard of Jove.

Now from the steep, 'midst scatter'd farms and
groves,

Our eye through Honiton's fair valley roves.

Behind us soon the busy town we leave,

Where finest lace industrious lasses weave.

Now swelling clouds roll'd on; the rainy load

Stream'd down our hats, and smok'd along the road;

When (O blest sight!) a friendly sign we spy'd,

Our spurs are slacken'd from the horses side;

For sure a civil host the house commands,

Upon whose sign this courteous motto stands;

This is the ancient hand, and eke the pen;

Here is for horses hay, and meat for men.

How rhyme would flourish, did each son of fame

Know his own genius, and direct his flame!

Then he, that could not epic flights rehearse,
 Might sweetly mourn in elegiac verse.
 But were his muse for elegy unfit,
 Perhaps a distich might not strain his wit;
 If epigram offend, his harmless lines
 Might in gold letters swing on ale-house signs.
 Then Hobbinol might propagate his bays,
 And Tuttlefields record his simple lays;
 Where rhymes like these might lure the nurses eyes,
 While gaping infants squall for farthing pies:
Treat here, ye shepherds blithe, ye damsels sweet,
For pies and cheesecakes are for damsels meet.
 Then Maurus in his proper sphere might shine,
 And these proud numbers grace great William's sign:
** This is the man, this the Nassovian, whom*
I nam'd the brave deliverer to come.
 But now the driving gales suspend the rain,
 We mount our steeds, and Devon's city gain.
 Hail happy native land!—but I forbear,
 What other counties must with envy hear.

** Blackmore's Prince Arthur, Book V.*

E P I S T L E III.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

WILLIAM PULTENEY, Esq;

PULTENEY, methinks you blame my breach of
word ;

What, cannot Paris one poor page afford ?

Yes, I can sagely, when the times are past,

Laugh at those follies which I strove to taste ;

And each amusement, which we shar'd, review,

Pleas'd with mere talking, since I talk to you.

But how shall I describe, in humble prose,

Their balls, assemblies, operas, and beaux ?

In prose ! you cry : Oh no, the Muse must aid,

And leave Parnassus for the Tuilleries' shade ;

Shall he who late Britannia's city trod,

And led the draggled Muse, with pattens shod,

Through dirty lanes, and alleys doubtful ways,

Refuse to write, when Paris asks his lays !

Well then, I'll try. Descend, ye beauteous Nine,
In all the colours of the rainbow shine :

Let sparkling stars your neck and ear adorn,

Lay on the blushes of the crimson morn :

So may ye balls and gay assemblies grace,
And at the op'ra claim the foremost place.

Trav'lers should ever fit expressions chuse,
Nor with low phrase the lofty theme abuse.
When they describe the state of eastern lords,
Pomp and magnificence should swell their words ;
And when they paint the serpent's scaly pride,
Their lines should hiss, their numbers smoothly slide ;
But they, unmindful of poetic rules,
Describe alike Mockaws and great Moguls.
Dampier would thus, without ill-meaning satire,
Dress forth in simple style the petit-maitre.

' In Paris there's a race of animals,
' (I've seen them at their operas and balls),
' They stand erect, they dance whene'er they walk,
' Monkeys in action, parroquets in talk ;
' They're crown'd with feathers, like the cockatoo,
' And, like camelions, daily change their hue ;
' From patches justly plac'd they borrow graces,
' And with vermilion lacker o'er their faces ;
' This custom, as we visibly discern,
' They, by frequenting ladies toilettes, learn.'
Thus might the trav'ler easy truth impart ;
Into the subject let me nobly start.

How happy lives the man, how sure to charm,
Whose knot embroider'd flutters down his arm !
On him the ladies cast the yielding glance,
Sigh in his songs, and languish in his dance ;
While wretched is the wit, contemn'd, forlorn,
Whose gummy hat no scarlet plumes adorn ;
No broider'd flow'rs his worsted ancle grace,
Nor cane emboss'd with gold directs his pace ;

No lady's favour on his sword is hung :
What though Apollo dictate from his tongue ?
His wit is spiritless, and void of grace,
Who wants th' assurance of brocade and lace.
While the gay fop genteelly talks of weather,
The fair in raptures doat upon his feather ;
Like a court-lady though he write and spell,
His minuet-step was fashion'd by Marcell * ;
He dresses, fences. What avails to know ?
For women chuse their men, like silks, for show.
Is this the thing, you cry, that Paris boasts ?
Is this the thing renown'd among our toasts ?
For such a flutt'ring sight we need not roam ;
Our own assemblies shine with these at home.

Let us into the field of beauty start ;
Beauty's a theme that ever warm'd my heart.
Think not, ye fair, that I the sex accuse :
How shall I spare you, prompted by the Muse ?
(The Muses all are prudes) she rails, she frets,
Amidst this sprightly nation of coquettes.
Yet let not us their loose coquett'ry blame ;
Women of ev'ry nation are the same.

You ask me, if Parisian dames, like ours,
With ratt'ling dice profane the Sunday's hours ;
If they the gamester's pale-ey'd vigils keep,
And stake their honour while their husbands sleep ?
Yes, Sir ; like English toasts, the dames of France
Will risk their income on a single chance.
Nannette last night a tricking Pharaon play'd,
The cards the taillier's sliding hand obey'd ;

* A famous dancing-master.

To-day her neck no brilliant circle wears,
Nor the ray-darting pendant loads her ears.
Why does old Chloris an assembly hold ?
Chloris each night divides the sharper's gold.
Corinna's cheek with frequent losses burns,
And no bold *Trente le va* her fortune turns.
Ah ! too rash virgin ! where's thy virtue flown ?
She pawns her person for the sharper's loan !
Yet who with justice can the fair upbraid,
Whose debts of honour are so duly paid ?

But let me not forget the toilette's cares,
Where art each morn the languid cheek repairs :
This red's too pale, nor gives a distant grace ;
Madame to-day puts on her opera-face ;
From this we scarce extract the milkmaid's bloom,
Bring the deep dye that warms across the room :
Now flames her cheek ; so strong her charms prevail,
That on her gown the silken rose looks pale !
Not but that France some native beauty boasts,
Clermont and Charolois might grace our toasts.

When the sweet-breathing spring unfolds the buds,
Love flies the dusky town for shady woods.
Then Tottenham-fields with roving beauty swarm,
And Hamstead-balls the city-virgin warm ;
Then Chelsea's meads o'erhear perfidious vows,
And the press'd grass defrauds the grazing cows.
'Tis here the same ; but in a higher sphere,
For ev'n court-ladies sin in open air.
What cit with a gallant would trust his spouse
Beneath the tempting shade of Greenwich boughs ?
What peer of France would let his duchess rove
Where Boulogne's closest woods invite to love ?

But here no wife can blast her husband's fame,
Cuckold is grown an honourable name.
Stretch'd on the grass the shepherd sighs his pain,
And on the grass what shepherd sighs in vain?
On Chloe's lap here Damon laid along,
Melts with the anguish of her am'rous song;
There Iris flies Palaemon through the glade,
Nor trips by chance—till in the thickest shade;
Here Celimene defends her lips and breast,
For kisses are by struggling closser prest:
Alexis there with eager flame grows bold,
Nor can the nymph his wanton fingers hold;
Be wise, Alexis; what, so near the road!
Hark, a coach rolls, and husbands are abroad!
Such were our pleasures in the days of yore,
When am'rous Charles Britannia's sceptre bore;
The nightly scene of joy the Park was made,
And love in couples peopled ev'ry shade,
But since at court the rural taste is lost,
What mighty sums have velvet couches cost!

Sometimes the Tuilleries gawdy walk I love,
Where I through crouds of rustling mantuas rove;
As here from side to side my eyes I cast,
And gaz'd on all the glitt'ring train that past:
Sudden a fop steps forth before the rest;
I knew the bold embroid'ry of his vest.
He thus accosts me with familiar air,
“ Parbleu! on a fait cet habit en Angleterre!
“ Quelle manche! ce galon est grossièrement rangé;
“ Voila quelque chose de fort beau et degagé!”
This said: On his red heel he turns, and then
Hums a soft minuet, and proceeds again.

‘ Well; now you’ve Paris seen, you’ll frankly own
 ‘ Your boasted London seems a country-town;
 ‘ Has Christianity yet reach’d your nation?
 ‘ Are churches built? Are masquerades in fashion?
 ‘ Do daily soups your dinners introduce?
 ‘ Are music, snuff, and coaches yet in use?’
 Pardon me, Sir; we know the Paris mode,
 And gather politesse from courts abroad.
 Like you, our courtiers keep a num’rous train
 To load their coach; and tradesmen dun in vain.
 Nor has religion left us in the lurch,
 And, as in France, our vulgar croud the church;
 Our ladies too support the masquerade,
 The sex by nature love th’ intriguing trade.
 Straight the vain fop in ign’rant rapture cries,
 ‘ Paris the barb’rous world would civilize!’
 Pray, Sir, point out among the passing band
 The present beauties who the town command.
 ‘ See, yonder dame; strict virtue chills her breast,
 ‘ Mark in her eye demure the prude protest;
 ‘ That frozen bosom native fire must want,
 ‘ Which boasts of constancy to one gallant!
 ‘ This next the spoils of fifty lovers wears,
 ‘ Rich Dandin’s brilliant favours grace her ears!
 ‘ The necklace Florio’s gen’rous flame bestow’d,
 ‘ Clitander’s sparkling gems her finger load;
 ‘ But now her charms grow cheap by constant use,
 ‘ She sins for scarfs, clock’d stockings, knots, and
 ‘ shoes.
 ‘ This next, with sober gait, and serious leer,
 ‘ Wearies her knees with morn and ev’ning pray’r;

- ‘ She scorns th’ ignoble love of feeble pages,
- ‘ But with three abbots in one night engages.
- ‘ This with the cardinal her nights employs,
- ‘ Where holy sinews consecrate her joys.
- ‘ Why have I promis’d things beyond my pow’r!
- ‘ Five assignations wait me at this hour,
- ‘ The sprightly Countess first my visit claims,
- ‘ To-morrow shall indulge inferior dames.
- ‘ Pardon me, Sir, that thus I take my leave,
- ‘ Gay Florimella slyly twitch’d my sleeve.’

Adieu, Monsieur—The opera hour draws near.
Not see the opera! all the world is there;
Where on the stage th’ embroider’d youth of France
In bright array attract the female glance:
This languishes, this struts, to show his mien,
And not a gold-clock’d stocking moves unseen.

But hark! the full orchestra strike the strings:
The hero struts, and the whole audience sings.

My jarring ears harsh grating murmurs wound,
Hoarse and confus’d, like Babel’s mingled sound.
Hard chance had plac’d me near a noisy throat,
That in rough quavers bellow’d ev’ry note.
Pray, Sir, says I, suspend a while your song,
The opera’s drown’d; your lungs are wond’rous strong;
I wish to hear your Roland’s ranting strain,
While he with rooted forests strows the plain.
Sudden he shrugs surprise, and answers quick,
“Monsieur apparemment n’aime pas la musique.”
Then turning round, he join’d th’ ungrateful noise;
And the loud chorus thunder’d with his voice.

O soothe me with some soft Italian air,
Let harmony compose my tortur’d ear!

When Anastatia's voice commands the strain,
The melting warble thrills through ev'ry vein;
Thought stands suspense, and silence pleas'd attends,
While in her notes the heav'nly choir descends.

But you'll imagine I'm a Frechman grown,
Pleas'd and content with nothing but my own,
So strongly with this prejudice possess'd,
He thinks French music and French painting best.
Mention the force of learn'd Corelli's notes,
Some scraping fidler of their ball he quotes;
Talk of the spirit Raphael's pencil gives,
Yet warm with life whose speaking picture lives;
Yes, Sir, says he, in colour and design,
Rigaut and Raphael are extremely fine!

'Tis true his country's love transports his breast,
With warmer zeal than your old Greeks profess.
Ulysses lov'd his Ithaca of yore,
Yet that sage trav'ler left his native shore;
What stronger virtue in the Frenchman shines!
He to dear P'aris all his life confines.
I'm not so fond. There are, I must confess,
Things which might make me love my country less.
I should not think my Britain had such charms,
If lost to learning, if enslav'd by arms;
France has her Richlieus and her Colberts known,
And then, I grant it, France in science shone:
We too, I own, without such aids may chance
In ignorance and pride to rival France.

But let me not forget Corneille, Racine,
Boileau's strong sense, and Moliere's hum'rous scene.
Let Cambray's name be sung above the rest,
Whose maxims, Pult'ney, warm thy patriot breast;

In Mentor's precepts Wisdom strong and clear
Dictates sublime, and distant nations hear.
Hear all ye princes, who the world controul,
What cares, what terrors haunt the tyrant's soul;
His constant train are anger, fear, distrust:
To be a king, is to be good and just;
His people he protects, their rights he saves,
And scorns to rule a wretched race of slaves.

Happy, thrice happy shall the monarch reign,
Where guardian laws despotic pow'r restrain!
There shall the ploughshare break the stubborn land,
And bending harvest tire the peasant's hand:
There Liberty her settled mansion boasts,
There Commerce plenty brings from foreign coasts.
O Britain! guard thy laws, thy rights defend,
So shall these blessings to thy sons descend!

You'll think 'tis time some other theme to chuse,
And not with beaux and fops fatigue the Muse:
Should I let satire loose on English ground,
There fools of various character abound;
But here my verse is to one race confin'd,
All Frenchmen are of *petit-maitre* kind.

EPISTLE IV.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

PAUL METHUEN, Esq;

THAT 'tis encouragement makes science spread,
Is rarely practis'd, though 'tis often said;
When learning droops and sickens in the land,
What patron's found to lend a saving hand?
True gen'rous spirits prosp'rous vice detest,
And love to cherish virtue when distress'd:
But ere our mighty lords this scheme pursue,
Our mighty lords must think and act like you.

Why must we climb the Alpine mountains sides
To find the seat where Harmony resides?
Why touch we not so soft the silver lute,
The chearful hautboy, and the mellow flute?
'Tis not th' Italian clime improves the sound,
But there the patrons of her sons are found.

Why flourish'd verse in great Augustus' reign?
He and Mecaenas lov'd the Muse's strain.

But now that wight in poverty must mourn
Who was (O cruel stars!) a poet born.
Yet there are ways for authors to be great;
Write ranc'rous libels to reform the state:
Or if you chuse more sure and ready ways,
Spatter a minister with fulsome praise:
Launch out with freedom, flatter him enough;
Fear not, all men are dedication-proof.
Be bolder yet, you must go farther still,
Dip deep in gall thy mercenary quill.
He who his pen in party-quarrels draws,
Lifts an hir'd bravo to support the cause;
He must indulge his patron's hate and spleen,
And stab the fame of those he ne'er hath seen.
Why then should authors mourn their desp'rate case?
Be brave, do this, and then demand a place,
Why art thou poor? exert thy gifts to rise,
And banish tim'rous virtue from thy eyes.

All this seems modern preface, where we're told
That wit is prais'd, but hungry lives and cold:
Against th' ungrateful age these authors roar,
And fancy learning starves, because they're poor.
Yet why should learning hope success at court?
Why should our patriots virtue's cause support?
Why to true merit should they have regard?
'They know that virtue is its own reward.
Yet let not me of grievances complain,
Who (though the meanest of the Muse's train)
Can boast subscriptions to my humble lays,
And mingle profit with my little praise.

Ask Painting, why she loves Hesperian air?
Go view, she cries, my glorious labours there;

There in rich palaces I reign in state,
And on the temples lofty domes create.
The nobles view my works with knowing eyes :
They love the science, and the painter prize.

Why didst thou, Kent, forego thy native land,
To emulate in picture Raphael's hand ?
Think'st thou for this to raise thy name at home ?
Go back, adorn the palaces of Rome ;
There on the walls let thy just labours shine,
And Raphael live again in thy design,
Yet stay a while ; call all thy genius forth,
For Burlington, unbiass'd, knows thy worth ;
His judgement in thy master-strokes can trace
Titian's strong fire, and Guido's softer grace :
But, oh consider, ere thy works appear,
Canst thou unhurt the tongue of Envy hear ?
Censure will blame, her breath was ever spent
To blast the laurels of the eminent.
While Burlington's proportion'd columns rise,
Does not he stand the gaze of envious eyes ?
Doors, windows, are condemn'd by passing fools,
Who know not that they damn Palladio's rules.
If Chandois with a lib'ral hand bestow,
Censure imputes it all to pomp and show ;
When, if the motive right were understood,
His daily pleasure is in doing good.

Had Pope with grov'ling numbers fill'd his page,
Dennis had never kindled into rage.
'Tis the sublime that hurts the critic's ease ;
Write nonsense, and he reads and sleeps in peace,
Were Prior, Congreve, Swift, and Pope unknown,
Poor slander-felling Curl would be undone.

He who would free from malice pass his days,
Must live obscure, and never merit praise.
But let this tale to valiant virtue tell
The daily perils of deserving well.

A crow was strutting o'er the stubbled plain,
Just as a lark descending clos'd his strain.
The crow bespoke him thus with solemn grace;
Thou most accomplish'd of the feather'd race,
What force of lungs! how clear! how sweet you sing!
And no bird soars upon a stronger wing.
The lark, who scorn'd soft flatt'ry, thus replies:
True, I sing sweet, and on strong pinions rise;
Yet let me pass my life from envy free,
For what advantage are these gifts to me?
My song confines me to the wiry cage,
My flight provokes the falcon's fatal rage.
But, as you pass, I hear the fowlers say,
To shoot at crows is powder flung away.

EPISTLE V.

TO HER GRACE

HENRIETTA,

DUTCHESS of MARLBOROUGH.

EXCUSE me, Madam, if, amidst your tears,
A Muse intrudes, a Muse who feels your cares;
Numbers, like music, can ev'n grief controul,
And lull to peace the tumults of the soul,

If partners in our woes the mind relieve,
Consider for your loss ten thousand grieve.
Th' affliction burdens not your heart alone;
When Marlbro' dy'd, a nation gave a groan.

Could I recite the dang'rous toils he chose,
To bless his country with a fix'd repose,
Could I recount the labour's he o'ercame,
To raise his country to the pitch of fame,
His councils, sieges, his victorious fights,
To save his country's laws and native rights,

No father (ev'ry gen'rous heart must own)
Has stronger fondness to his darling shown.
Britannia's sighs a double loss deplore,
Her father and her hero is no more!

Does Britain only pay her debt of tears?
Yes. Holland sighs, and for her freedom fears.
When Gallia's monarch pour'd his wasteful bands,
Like a wide deluge, o'er her level lands,
She saw her frontier tow'rs in ruin lie,
Ev'n Liberty had prun'd her wings to fly;
Then Marlbro' came, defeated Gallia fled,
And shatter'd Belgia rais'd her languid head,
In him secure, as in her strongest mound,
That keeps the raging sea within its bound.

O Germany, remember Hockstet's plain,
Where prostrate Gallia bled at ev'ry vein!
Think on the rescue of th' imperial throne,
Then think on Marlbro's death without a groan!

Apollo kindly whispers me: 'Be wise,
' How to his glory shall thy numbers rise?
' The force of verse another theme might raise,
' But here the merit must transcend the praise.
' Hast thou, presumptuous bard, that godlike flame
' Which with the sun shall last, and Marlbro's
' fame?
' Then sing the man. But who can boast this fire?
' Resign the task, and silently admire.'

Yet, shall he not in worthy lays be read?
Raise Homer, call up Virgil from the dead.
But he requires not the strong glare of verse,
Let punctual history his deeds rehearse,

Let truth in native purity appear,
You'll find Achilles and Æneas there.

Is this the comfort which the Muse bestows ?
I but indulge and aggravate your woes.
A prudent friend, who seeks to give relief,
Ne'er touches on the spring that mov'd the grief.
Is it not barb'rous to the sighing maid
To mention broken vows and nymphs betray'd ?
Would you the ruin'd merchant's soul appease,
With talk of sands, and rocks, and stormy seas ?
Ev'n while I strive on Marlbro's fame to rise,
I call up sorrow in a daughter's eyes.

Think on the laurels that his temples shade,
Laurels that (spite of time) shall never fade ;
Immortal Honour has enroll'd his name,
Detraction's dumb, and Envy put to shame ;
Say, who can soar beyond his eagle flight ?
Has he not reach'd to glory's utmost height ?
What could he more, had Heav'n prolong'd his
date ?

All human pow'r is limited by fate.

Forbear. 'Tis cruel further to commend ;
I wake your sorrow, and again offend.
Yet sure your goodness must forgive a crime,
Which will be spread through ev'ry age and clime ;
Though in your life ten thousand summers roll,
And though you compass earth from pole to pole,
Where'er men talk of war and martial fame,
They'll mention Marlborough's and Caesar's name.

But vain are all the counsels of the Muse,
A soul, like yours, could not a tear refuse :

Could you your birth and filial love forego,
Still sighs must rise, and gen'rous sorrow flow;
For when from earth such matchless worth re-
moves,
A great mind suffers. Virtue virtue loves.

T A L E S.

Could you your birth and filial love forego,
 Sell rights must rise, and generous sorrow flow;
 For when from earth such matchless worth is

moves,
 A great mind suffers. Virtue virtue loves.
 A patient heart, who never ceases to

Is it not better to be loved than to love?

To carnal eyes, but true to nature's eye

Would you the world's merchant's hand appeal,

What talk of love, and rocks, and heavy seas?

It's a while I live on Mother's love to see,

I can no longer in a daughter's eye

Think on the world's and its examples made,

Laurels that Time's hand shall never fade;

Immortal names are not the world's to give,

Devotion's due, and Love's due to be;

Say, who can love a lover's love to give?

He who loves a lover's love to give,

What could a lover's love to give?

What could a lover's love to give?

All human power is limited by fate,

Forbear, and let the world's hand be content

I wish your sorrow, and again I wish

Yet how you suffer from this love to give,

Which will be forced through every age and clime;

Though in your life the thousand summers roll,

And though the compass turn from pole to pole,

Where'er you roam of war and martial law,

They'll mention Mother's love and Sister's name.

But who can love the world's hand to be?

A heart like yours could not be so true.

T A L E S.

AN ANSWER to the SOMMER'S PROLOGUE
of CHAUCER.

In Imitation of Chaucer's Style.

T A L E S.

THE Sommer lechly told his prologue told,
And thus on the trees his tale isaping and hold;
How that he had seen the first and the last,
And how one first in all this place ispyde,
But he the devil had in his eye,
And twenty thousand first were in his eye,
By which is Jonny's story to be told,
The devil's belly is the first and the last.

Now I have longed to tell you of the first,
What happened in a house in Lantashire,
A misery that had been and is to be,
Who maketh from his villainous name and name,
Owed a house which every long y-bred,
Full deeply fixed in a darkening wood,
Methinks, a shallow brook ran all along,
Among the round stones it made a doleful song,
Now there speaking of the first and the last,
The room is haunted even by many a spirit.

T. A. L. E. S.

T A L E S.

An Answer to the SOMPNER'S PROLOGUE
of CHAUCER.

In Imitation of Chaucer's Style.

THE Sompner leudly hath his prologue told,
And faine on the freers his tale japing and bold;
How that in hell they searchen near and wide,
And nae one freer in all thilke place espyde,
But lo! the devil turn'd his erse about,
And twenty thousand freers went in and out.
By which in Jeoffry's rhyming it appears,
The devil's belly is the hive of freers.

Now listneth lordings! forthwith ye shall hear,
What happen'd at a house in Lancashire.
A misere that had londs and tenement,
Who raketh from his villaines taxes and rent,
Owned a house which empty long y-stood,
Full deeply sitid in a derkning wood,
Murm'ring, a shallow brook runneth along,
Mong the round stones it maken doleful song.

Now there spreading a rumour that everich night
The rooms ihaunted been by many a sprite;

The miller avoucheth, and all there about,
 That they full oft' hearken the hellish rout;
 Some faine they hear the jingling of chains,
 And some hath yheard the psautries straines,
 At midnight some the headless horse imeet,
 And some espie a corse in a white sheet,
 And oother things, faye, elfin and else,
 And shapes that fear createn to it selfe.

Now it so hapt, there was not ferre away,
 Of gray freers a fair and rich abbaye,
 Where liven a freer ycleped Pere Thomas,
 Who daren alone in derke through church-yerds pass.

This freer would lye in thilke house all night,
 In hope he might espyen a dreadful sprite.
 He taketh candle, beades, and holy watere,
 And legends eke of saintes, and books of prayere.
 He entereth the room, and looketh round about,
 And haspen the door, to haspen the goblin out.
 The candle hath he put close to the bed,
 And in low tone his *ave marye* said,
 With water now besprinkled hath the floore,
 And maken cross on key-hole of the doore.
 Ne was there not a mouse-hole in thilke place,
 But he y-crossed hath by God his grace:
 He crossed hath this, and eke he crossed that,
 With *benedicite*, and god knows what.

Now he goeth to bed and lieth adown,
 When the clock had just stricken the twelfth soun;
 Bethinketh him now what the cause had ibeen,
 Why many sprites by mortals have been seen.
 Hem remembereth how Dan Plutarch hath y-sed
 That Caesar's sprite came to Brute his bed;

Of chains that frighten erst Artemidore,
The tales of Pline, Valere, and many more.
Hem thinketh that some murdere here been done,
And he mought see some bloodye ghost anone,
Or that some orphlines writings here be stor'd,
Or pot of gold laine deep beneath a board :
Or thinketh hem, if he might see no sprite,
The abbaye mought buy this house cheap outright.

As hem thus thinketh, anone asleep he lies,
Up starten Sathanas with saucer eyes.
He turned the freer upon his face downright,
Displaying his nether cheeks full broad and white.
Then quoth Dan Sathanas as he thwacked him fore,
Thou didst forget to guard thy postern-door.
There is an hole which hath not crossed been :
Farewel, from whence I came, I creepen in.

Now plain it is ytellen in my verse,
If devils in hell bear freers in their erse,
On earth the devil in freers doth y-dwell ;
Were there no freers, the devil mought keep in hell.

WORK FOR A COOPER.

A T A L E.

A M A N may lead a happy life,
Without that needful thing a wife:
This long have lusty abbots known,
Who ne'er knew spouses——of their own.

What though your house be clean and neat,
With couches, chairs, and beds compleat;
Though you each day invite a friend,
Though he should ev'ry dish commend,
On Bagshot-heath your mutton fed,
Your fowls at Brentford born and bred;
Though purest wine your cellars boast,
Wine worthy of the fairest toast;
Yet there are other things requir'd:
Ring, and let's see the maid you hir'd—
Bless me! those hands might hold a broom,
Twirl round a mop, and wash a room:

A batchelor his maid should keep,
Not for that servile use to sweep;
Let her his humour understand,
And turn to ev'ry thing her hand.
Get you a lass that's young and tight,
Whose arms are, like her apron, white;
What though her shift be seldom seen?
Let that, though coarse, be always clean;

She might each morn your tea attend,
And on your wrist your ruffle mend;
Then if you break a roguish jest,
Or squeeze her hand, or pat her breast,
She cries, Oh dear Sir, don't be naught!
And blushes speak her last night's fault.
To her your household cares confide,
Let your keys gingle at her side;
A footman's blunders tease and fret ye,
Ev'n while you chide, you smile on Betty.
Discharge him then, if he's too spruce,
For Betty's for his master's use.

Will you your am'rous fancy baulk,
For fear some prudish neighbour talk?
But you'll object, that you're afraid
Of the pert freedoms of a maid:
Besides, your wiser heads will say,
That she who turns her hand this way,
From one vice to another drawn,
Will lodge your silver spoons in pawn.
Has not the homely wrinkled jade
More need to learn the pilf'ring trade?
For love all Betty's wants supplies,
Laces her shoes, her mantua dyes;
All her stuff-suits she flings away,
And wears thread fatten ev'ry day.

Who then a dirty drab would hire,
Brown as the hearth of kitchen fire?
When all must own, were Betty put
To the black duties of the slut,
As well she scow'rs or scrubs a floor,
And still is good for something more.

Thus, to avoid the greater vice,
I knew a priest, of conscience nice,
To quell his lust for neighbour's spouse,
Kept fornication in his house.

But you're impatient all this time,
Fret at my counsel, curse my rhyme.
Be satisfy'd. I'll talk no more,
For thus my tale begins—Of yore
There dwelt at Blois a priest full fair,
With rolling eye and crisped hair,
His chin hung low, his brow was sleek,
Plenty lay basking on his cheek;
Whole days at cloyster grates he sat,
Ogled, and talk'd of this and that
So feelingly; the nuns lamented
That double bars were e'er invented.
If he the wanton wife confest
With downcast eye, and heaving breast;
He stroak'd her cheek, to still her fear,
And talk'd of sins *en cavalier*.
Each time enjoin'd her penance mild,
And fondled on her like his child.
At ev'ry jovial gossip's feast
Pere Bernard was a welcome guest;
Mirth suffer'd not the least restraint,
He could at will shake off the saint:
Nor frown'd he when they freely spoke,
But shook his sides, and took the joke;
Nor fail'd he to promote the jest,
And shar'd the sins which they confest.

Yet, that he might not always roam,
He kept conveniencies at home.

His maid was in the bloom of beauty,
Well-limb'd for ev'ry social duty;
He meddled with no household cares,
To her consign'd his whole affairs;
She of his study kept the keys,
For he was studious——of his ease:
She had the power of all his locks,
Could rummage ev'ry chest and box:
Her honesty such credit gain'd,
Not ev'n the cellar was restrain'd.

In troth it was a goodly show,
Lin'd with full hogsheds all a-row;
One vessel, from the rank remov'd,
Far dearer than the rest he lov'd.
Pour la bonne bouche 'twas set aside,
To all but choicest friends denied.
He now and then would send a quart,
To warm some wife's retentive heart,
Against confession's sullen hour:
Wine has all secrets in its power.
At common feasts it had been waste,
Nor was it fit for layman's taste.
If monk or friar were his guest,
They drank it, for they know the best.
Nay, he at length so fond was grown,
He always drank it when——alone.

Who shall recount his civil labours,
In pious visits to his neighbours?
Whene'er weak husbands went astray,
He guess'd their wives were in the way;
'Twas then his charity was shown,
He chose to see them when alone.

Now was he bent on cuckoldom :
He knew friend Dennis was from home ;
His wife (a poor neglected beauty,
Defrauded of a husband's duty)
Had often told him at confession,
How hard she struggled 'gainst transgression.
He now resolves, in heat of blood,
To try how firm her virtue stood.
He knew that wine (to love best aid)
Has oft made bold the shame-fac'd maid,
Taught her to romp, and take more freedoms,
Than nymphs train'd up at Smith's or Needham's.

A mighty bottle strait he chose,
Such as might give two friars their dose ;
Nannette he call'd : The cellar door
She straight unlocks, descends before ;
He follow'd close. But when he spies
His fav'rite cask ; with lifted eyes
And lifted hands aloud he cries,
Heigh day ! my darling wine astoop !
It must, alas ! have sprung a hoop ;
That there's a leak is past all doubt,
(Reply'd the maid)——I'll find it out.
She sets the candle down in haste,
Tucks her white apron round her waist,
The hoghead's mouldy side ascends,
She straddles wide, and downward bends ;
So low she stoops to seek the flaw,
Her coats rose up, her master saw——
I see—he cries——(then claspt her fast)
The leak through which my wine has past.

Then all in haste the maid descended,
 And in a trice the leak was mended.
 He found in Nannette all he wanted,
 So Dennis' brows remain'd unplanted.

Ere since this time all lusty friars
 (Warm'd with predominant desires,
 Whene'er the flesh with spirit quarrels)
 Look on the sex as leaky barrels.
 Beware of these, ye jealous spouses,
 From such like coopers guard your houses ;
 For if they find not work at home,
 For jobs through all the town they roam.

THE
EQUIVOCATION.

A T A L E

AN abbot rich (whose taste was good
Alike in science and in food)
His bishop had resolv'd to treat
The bishop came, the bishop ate;
'Twas silence, till their stomachs fail'd ;
And now at heretics they rail'd ;
What heresy (the prelate said)
Is in that church where priests may wed !
Do not we take the church for life ?
But those divorce her for a wife ;
Like laymen keep her in their houses,
And own the children of their spouses.
Vile practices ! the abbot cry'd,
For pious use we're set aside !
Shall we take wives ? marriage at best
Is but carnality profess.
Now as the bishop took his glass,
He spy'd our abbot's buxom lass

Who cross'd the room, he mark'd her eye
That glow'd with love; his pulse beat high.
Fye, father, fye, (the prelate cries)
A maid so young! for shame, be wise.
These indiscretions lend a handle
To lewd lay-tongues, to give us scandal;
For your vow's sake, this rule I give t'ye,
Let all your maids be turn'd of fifty.

The priest reply'd, I have not swerv'd,
But your chaste precept well observ'd;
That lass full twenty-five has told,
I've yet another who's as old;
Into one sum their ages cast;
So both my maids have fifty past.

The prelate smil'd, but durst not blame;
For why? his Lordship did the same.

Let those who reprimand their brothers,
First mend the faults they find in others.

A TRUE STORY

OF AN

A P P A R I T I O N.

SCETCHES (whose strength of argument makes out
That wisdom's deep inquiries end in doubt)
Hold this assertion positive and clear,
That sprites are pure delusions rais'd by fear.
Not that fam'd ghost, which in presaging sound,
Call'd Brutus to Philippi's fatal ground ;
Nor can Tiberius Gracchus' goary shade
These ever-doubting disputants persuade.
Straight they with smiles reply, Those tales of old
By visionary priests were made and told ;
Oh might some ghost at dead of night appear,
And make you own conviction by your fear !
I know your sneers my easy faith accuse,
Which with such idle legends scares the Muse :
But think not that I tell those vulgar sprights,
Which frightened boys relate on winter-nights ;
How cleanly milk-maids meet the fairy train,
How headless horses drag the clinking chain ;
Night-roaming ghosts, by saucer eye-balls known,
The common spectres of each country-town :
No, I such fables can like you despise,
And laugh to hear these nurse-invented lies.

Yet has not oft the fraudulent guardian's fright
Compell'd him to restore an orphan's right?
And can we doubt that horrid ghosts ascend,
Which on the conscious murd'rer's steps attend?
Hear then, and let attested truth prevail,
From faithful lips I learn'd the dreadful tale.

Where Arden's forest spreads its limits wide,
Whose branching paths the doubtful road divide,
A trav'ler took his solitary way;
When low beneath the hills was sunk the day.
And now the skies with gath'ring darkness lour,
The branches rustle with the threaten'd show'r;
With sudden blasts the forest murmurs loud,
Indented lightnings cleave the sable cloud;
Thunder on thunder breaks, the tempest roars,
And heav'n discharges all his wat'ry stores.
The wand'ring trav'ler shelter seeks in vain,
And shrinks and shivers with the beating rain:
On his steed's neck the slacken'd bridle lay,
Who chose with cautious steps th' uncertain way;
And now he checks the rein, and halts to hear
If any noise foretold a village near.
At length from far a stream of light he sees
Extend its level rays between the trees;
Thither he speeds, and, as he nearer came,
Joyful he knew the lamp's domestic flame
That trembled through the window; cross the way
Darts forth the barking cur, and stands at bay.

It was an ancient lonely house, that stood
Upon the borders of the spacious wood:
Here tow'rs and antique battlements arise,
And there in heaps the moulder'd ruin lies;

Some lord this mansion held in days of yore,
To chace the wolf, and pierce the foaming boar :
How chang'd, alas ! from what it once had been,
'Tis now degraded to a public inn.

Straight he dismounts, repeats his loud commands ;
Swift at the gate the ready landlord stands ;
With frequent cringe he bows, and begs excuse,
His house was full, and ev'ry bed in use.
What, not a garret, and no straw to spare ?
Why then the kitchen-fire and elbow-chair
Shall serve for once to nod away the night.
The kitchen ever is the servants right,
Replies the host ; there all the fire around,
The Count's tir'd footmen snore upon the ground.

The maid, who listen'd to this whole debate,
With pity learn'd the weary stranger's fate.
Be brave, she cries, you still may be our guest,
Our haunted room was ever held the best ;
If then your valour can the fright sustain
Of rattling curtains and the clinking chain ;
If your courageous tongue have power to talk,
When round your bed the horrid ghost shall walk ;
If you dare ask it, why it leaves its tomb,
I'll see your sheets well air'd, and show the room.
Soon as the frightened maid her tale had told,
The stranger enter'd, for his heart was bold.

The damsel led him through a spacious hall,
Where ivy hung the half-demolish'd wall ;
She frequent look'd behind, and chang'd her hue,
While Fancy tipt the candle's flame with blue.
And now they gain'd the winding stair's ascent,
And to the lonesome room of terrors went.

When all was ready, swift retir'd the maid ;
The watch-lights burn ; tuck'd warm in bed was laid
The hardy stranger, and attends the sprite
Till his accustom'd walk at dead of night,

At first he hears the wind, with hollow roar,
Shake the loose lock, and swing the creaking door ;
Nearer and nearer draws the dreadful sound
Of rattling chains, that dragg'd upon the ground :
When lo ! the spectre came with horrid stride,
Approach'd the bed, and drew the curtains wide !
In human form the ghastly phantom stood,
Expos'd his mangled bosom, dy'd with blood.
Then silent pointing to his wounded breast,
Thrice wav'd his hand. Beneath the frightened guest
The bed-cords trembled, and with shudd'ring fear,
Sweat chill'd his limbs, high rose his bristled hair ;
Then mutt'ring hasty pray'rs, he mann'd his heart,
And cry'd aloud : Say, whence, and who thou art !
The stalking ghost, with hollow voice, replies :
Three years are counted, since with mortal eyes
I saw the sun, and vital air respir'd.
Like thee benighted, and with travel tir'd,
Within these walls I slept. O thirst of gain !
See, still the planks the bloody mark retain ;
Stretch'd on this very bed, from sleep I start,
And see the steel impending o'er my heart ;
The barb'rous hostess held the lifted knife ;
The floor ran purple with my gushing life.
My treasure now they seize, the golden spoil
They bury deep beneath the grass-grown soil,
Far in the common field. Be bold, arise,
My steps shall lead thee to the secret prize ;

There dig and find ; let that thy care reward :
Call loud on Justice, bid her not retard
To punish murder ; lay my ghost at rest,
So shall with peace secure thy nights be blest ;
And when beneath these boards my bones are found,
Decent inter them in some sacred ground.

Here ceas'd the ghost. The stranger springs from
bed,

And boldly follows where the phantom led ;
The half-worn stony stairs they now descend,
Where passages obscure their arches bend.
Silent they walk ; and now through groves they pass,
Now through wet meads their steps imprint the grass ;
At length amidst a spacious field they came :

There stops the spectre, and ascends in flame.

Amaz'd he stood ; no bush, or briar was found,
To teach his morning search to find the ground ;
What could he do ? the night was hideous dark,
Fear shook his joints, and nature dropt the mark :
With that he starting wak'd, and rais'd his head,
But found the golden mark was left in bed.

What is the statesman's vast ambitious scheme,
But a short vision, and a golden dream ?
Pow'r, wealth, and title elevate his hope ;
He wakes. But for a garter finds a rope.

T. A. L. E.

THE
M A D D O G,

A T A L E.

A PRUDE, at morn and ev'ning pray'r,
Had worn her velvet cushion bare;

Upward she taught her eyes to roll,
As if she watch'd her soaring soul;

And when devotion warm'd the crowd,
None sung, or smote their breast so loud:

Pale Penitence had mark'd her face
With all the meagre signs of grace.

Her mass-book was compleatly lin'd
With painted saints of various kind:

But when in ev'ry page she view'd
Fine ladies who the flesh subdu'd;

As quick her beads she counted o'er,

She cry'd—such wonders are no more!

She chose not to delay confession,

To bear at once a year's transgression,

But ev'ry week set all things ev'n,

And balanc'd her account with Heav'n.

Behold her now in humble guise,
Upon her knees with downcast eyes
Before the priest : She thus begins,
And fobbing, blubbers forth her sins :

Who could that tempting man resist ?
My virtue languish'd, as he kiss'd ;
I strove——'till I could strive no longer :
How can the weak subdue the stronger ?

The father ask'd her where and when ?
How many ? and what sort of men ?
By what degrees her blood was heated ?
How oft the frailty was repeated ?

Thus have I seen a pregnant wench
All flush'd with guilt before the bench,
The judges (wak'd by wanton thought)
Dive to the bottom of her fault,
They leer, they simper at her shame,
And make her call all things by name.

And now to sentence he proceeds,
Prescribes how oft to tell her beads ;
Shows her what faints could do her good,
Doubles her fasts to cool her blood.
Eas'd of her sins, and light as air,
Away she trips perhaps to prayer :
'Twas no such thing. Why then this haste ?
The clock has struck, the hour is past,
And on the spur of inclination,
She scorn'd to bilk her assignation.

Whate'er she did, next week she came,
And piously confess'd the same ;
The priest, who female frailties pity'd,
First chid her, then her sins remitted.

But did she now her crime bemoan
In penitential sheets alone ?
And was no bold, no beastly fellow
The nightly partner of her pillow ?
No, none : For next time in the grove
A bank was conscious of her love.

Confession-day was come about,
And now again it all must out.
She seems to wipe her twinkling eyes.
What now, my child ? the Father cries.
Again, says she !——with threatening looks,
He thus the prostrate dame rebukes.

Madam, I grant there's something in it,
That virtue has th' unguarded minute ;
But pray now tell me what are whores,
But women of unguarded hours ?
Then you must sure have lost all shame.
What, ev'ry day, and still the same.
And no fault else ! 'tis strange to find
A woman to one sin confin'd !
Pride is this day her darling passion,
The next day slander is in fashion ;
Gaming succeeds ; if fortune crosses,
Then Virtue's mortgag'd for her losses ;
By use her fav'rite vice she loaths,
And loves new follies like new cloaths ;
But you, beyond all thought unchaste,
Have all sin center'd near your waist !
Whence is this appetite so strong ?
Say, Madam, did your mother long ?
Or is it luxury and high diet
That won't let virtue sleep in quiet ?

She tells him now with meekest voice,
That she had never err'd by choice,
Nor was there known a virgin chaster,
Till ruin'd by a sad disaster.

That she a fav'rite lap-dog had,
Which (as she stroak'd and kiss'd) grew mad;
And on her lip a wound indenting,
First set her youthful blood fermenting.

The priest reply'd, with zealous fury,
You should have fought the means to cure ye.
Doctors by various ways, we find,
Treat these distempers of the mind.

Let gaudy ribbands be deny'd,
To her, who raves with scornful pride;
And if religion crack her notions,
Lock up her volumes of devotions;
But if for man her rage prevail,
Barr her the sight of creatures male.
Or else, to cure such venom'd bites,
And set the shatter'd thoughts arights,
They send you to the ocean's shore,
And plunge the patient o'er and o'er.

The dame reply'd, Alas! in vain
My kindred forc'd me to the main;
Naked, and in the face of day;
Look not, ye fishermen, this way!
What virgin had not done as I did?
My modest hand, by nature guided,
Debarr'd at once from human eyes
The seat where female honour lies,
And though thrice dipt from top to toe,
I still secur'd the post below,

And guarded it with grasp so fast
Not one drop through my fingers past;
Thus owe I to my bashful care,
That all the rage is settled there.

Weigh well the projects of mankind;
Then tell me, Reader, canst thou find
The man from madness wholly free?
They all are mad——save you and me.
Do not the statesman, fop, and wit,
By daily follies prove they're bit?
And when the briny cure they try'd,
Some part still kept above the tide?

Some men (when drench'd beneath the wave)
High o'er their heads their fingers save;
Those hands by mean extortion thrive,
Or in the pocket lightly dive:
Or more expert in pilf'ring vice,
They burn and itch to cog the dice.

Plunge in a courtier; strait his fears
Direct his hands to stop his ears.
And now truth seems a grating noise,
He loves the slanderer's whisp'ring voice;
He hangs on flatt'ry with delight,
And thinks all fulsome praise is right.
All women dread a wat'ry death:
They shut their lips to hold their breath,
And though you duck them ne'er so long,
Not one salt drop e'er wets their tongue;
'Tis hence they scandal have at will,
And that this member ne'er lies still.

And guarded it with grudge and spite
 Not one drop through any finger-fist
 Thus owe I to my father's care,
 That all the rage is kindled
 Which well the project of mankind
 Then tell my Reader, and I'll not
 The man from amongst whom I faced
 They all are made - give you and me
 Do not the flatterer, too, and with
 By daily follies prove that I am
 And when the day came they said
 Some part still kept above the
 Some men (when driven to the
 High of their heads, they have
 Those hands by mean extortion
 Or in the pocket tightly
 Or more expert in pill-taking
 They born and rich to the
 Plunge in a country; that the
 Which the hands so deep in
 And now truth seems a
 It leaves the hand for a
 He hangs on that with
 And thinks all fortune
 All women dream a
 They lose their lips to
 And though you duck them
 Not one drop of
 It is hence they scandal
 And that this member

BIRTH OF THE SQUIRE.

AN E C C L O G U E

In Praise of Mr. PETER OF TUNING.

E C C L O G U E S.

VOL. I.

N

THE

ECOLOGUES

Vol. I. H

T H E
BIRTH OF THE SQUIRE.
A N E C L O G U E.

In Imitation of the POLLIO of VIRGIL,

YE sylvan Muses, loftier strains recite,
Not all in shades, and humble cots delight.
Hark ! the bells ring ; along the distant grounds
The driving gales convey the swelling sounds ;
Th' attentive swain, forgetful of his work,
With gaping wonder, leans upon his fork.
What sudden news alarms the waking morn ?
To the glad Squire a hopeful heir is born.
Mourn, mourn, ye stags ; and all ye beasts of chase,
This hour destruction brings on all your race :
See, the pleas'd tenants duteous off'rings bear,
Turkeys, and geese, and grocer's sweetest ware ;
With the new health the pond'rous tankard flows,
And old October reddens ev'ry nose.
Beagles and spaniels round his cradle stand,
Kiss his moist lip, and gently lick his hand ;
He joys to hear the shrill horn's echoing sounds,
And learns to lisp the names of all the hounds.
With frothy ale to make his cup o'erflow,
Barley shall in paternal acres grow ;

The bee shall sip the fragrant dew from flow'rs,
To give metheglin for his morning hours ;
For him the clust'ring hop shall climb the poles,
And his own orchard sparkle in his bowls,

His fire's exploits he now with wonder hears,
The monstrous tales indulge his greedy ears ;
How, when youth strung his nerves, and warm'd his
veins,

He rood the mighty Nimrod of the plains :
He leads the staring infant through the hall,
Points out the horny spoils that grace the wall ;
Tells how this stag thro' three whole counties fled,
What rivers swam, where bay'd, and where he bled.
Now he the wonders of the fox repeats,
Describes the desp'rate chase, and all his cheats ;
How in one day beneath his furious speed,
He tir'd sev'n courfers of the fleetest breed ;
How high the pale he leapt, how wide the ditch,
When the hound tore the haunches of the witch * !
These stories which descend from son to son,
The forward boy shall one day make his own.

Ah, too fond mother, think the time draws nigh,
That calls the darling from thy tender eye ;
How shall his spirit brook the rigid rules,
And the long tyranny of grammar schools ?
Let younger brothers o'er dull authors plod,
Lash'd into Latin by the tingling rod ;
No, let him never feel that smart disgrace :
Why should he wiser prove than all his race ?

* The most common accident to sportsmen, to hunt
a witch in the shape of a hare.

When rip'ning youth with down o'er shades his chin,
And ev'ry female eye incites to sin;
The milk-maid (thoughtless of her future shame)
With smacking lip shall raise his guilty flame;
The dairy, barn, the hay-loft, and the grove,
Shall oft be conscious of their stolen love.
But think, Priscilla, on that dreadful time,
When pangs and wat'ry qualms shall own thy crime;
How wilt thou tremble when thy nipple's press'd,
To see the white drops bathe thy swelling breast!
Nine moons shall publicly divulge thy shame,
And the young Squire forestall a father's name.

When twice twelve times the reaper's sweeping hand
With levell'd harvests has bestrown the land,
On fam'd St Hubert's feast, his winding horn
Shall cheer the joyful hound, and wake the morn:
This memorable day his eager speed
Shall urge with bloody heel the rising steed.
O check the foamy bit, nor tempt thy fate,
Think on the murders of a five-bar gate!
Yet prodigal of life, the leap he tries,
Low in the dust his grov'ling honour lies,
Headlong he falls, and on the ragged stone
Distorts his neck, and cracks his collar-bone;
O vent'rous youth, thy thirst of game allay,
May'st thou survive the perils of this day!
He shall survive, and in late years be sent
To snore away debates in parliament.

The time shall come, when his more solid sense
With nod important shall the laws dispense;
A justice with grave justices shall sit,
He praise their wisdom, they admire his wit.

No greyhound shall attend the tenant's pace,
 No rusty gun the farmer's chimney grace;
 Salmons shall leave their covers void of fear,
 Nor dread the thievish net or triple spear;
 Poachers shall tremble at his awful name,
 Whom vengeance now o'ertakes for murder'd game.

Assist me, Bacchus, and ye drunken pow'rs,
 To sing his friendships and his midnight hours!

Why dost thou glory in thy strength of beer,
 Firm-cork'd, and mellow'd till the twentieth year;
 Brew'd or when Phoebus warms the fleecy sign,
 Or when his languid rays in Scorpio shine?
 Think on the mischiefs which from hence have sprung
 It arms with curses dire the wrathful tongue;
 Foul scandal to the lying lip affords,
 And prompts the mem'ry with injurious words.
 O where is wisdom, when by this o'erpower'd?
 The state is censur'd, and the maid deflower'd!
 And wilt thou still, O Squire, brew ale so strong?
 Hear then the dictates of prophetic song.

Methinks I see him in his hall appear,
 Where the long table floats in clammy bear,
 'Midst mugs and glasses shatter'd o'er the floor,
 Dead-drunk his servile crew supinely snore;
 Triumphant, o'er the prostrate brutes he stands,
 The mighty bumper trembles in his hands;
 Boldly he drinks, and, like his glorious fires,
 In copious gulps of potent ale expires.

THE
TOILETTE.

A TOWN ECLOGUE,

LYDIA.

NOW twenty springs had cloth'd the park with
green,
Since Lydia knew the blossom of fifteen:
No lovers now her morning hours molest,
And catch her at her toilette half undrest;
The thund'ring knocker wakes the street no more.
No chairs, no coaches croud her silent door;
Her midnights once at cards and hazard fled,
Which now, alas! she dreams away in bed.
Around her wait shocks, monkeys, and mockaws,
To fill the place of fops, and perjur'd beaux;
In these she views the mimicry of man,
And smiles when grinning Pug gallants her fan;
When Poll repeats, the sounds deceive her ear,
For sounds, like his, once told her Damon's care.
With these alone her tedious mornings pass;
Or at the dumb devotion of her glass,
She smoothes her brow, and frizles forth her hairs,
And fancies youthful dress gives youthful airs;

With crimson wool she fixes ev'ry grace,
 That not a blush can discompose her face.
 Reclin'd upon her arm she pensive sat,
 And curs'd th' inconstancy of youth too late.

O youth ! O spring of life ! for ever lost !
 No more my name shall reign the fav'rite toast,
 On glass no more the diamond grave my name,
 And rhymes mis-spell'd record a lover's flame :
 Nor shall side-boxes watch my restless eyes,
 And as they catch the glance, in rows arise
 With humble bows ; nor white-glov'd beaux encroach
 In crouds behind, to guard me to my coach.
 Ah, hapless nymph ! such conquests are no more,
 For Chloe's now what Lydia was before !

'Tis true, this Chloe boasts the peach's bloom ;
 But does her nearer whisper breathe perfume ?
 I own her taper shape is form'd to please.
 Yet if you saw her unconfin'd by stays !
 She doubly to fifteen may make pretence ;
 Alike we read it in her face and sense.
 Her reputation ! but that never yet
 Could check the freedoms of a young coquette.
 Why will ye then, vain fops, her eyes believe ?
 Her eyes can, like your perjur'd tongues, deceive.

What shall I do ? how spend the hateful day ?
 At chapel shall I wear the morn away ?
 Who there frequents at these unmodish hours,
 But ancient matrons with their frizled tow'rs,
 And gray religious maids ? my presence there,
 Amid that sober train, would own despair :
 Nor am I yet so old ; nor is my glance
 As yet fix'd wholly to devotion's trance.

Straight then I'll dress, and take my wonted range
Through ev'ry Indian shop, through all the Change;
Where the tall jar erects his costly pride,
With antique shapes in China's azure dy'd;
There careless lies the rich brocade unroll'd,
Here shines a cabinet with burnish'd gold:
But then remembrance will my grief renew,
'Twas there the raffling dice false Damon threw;
The raffling dice to him decides the prize:
'Twas there he first convers'd with Chloe's eyes;
Hence sprung th' ill-fated cause of all my smart,
To me the toy he gave, to her his heart,
But soon the perj'ry in the gift was found,
The shiver'd China dropt upon the ground;
Sure omen that thy vows would faithless prove;
Frail was thy present, frailer is thy love.

O happy Poll! in wiry prison pent;
Thou ne'er hast known what love or rivals meant;
And Pug with pleasure can his features bear,
Who ne'er believ'd the vows that lovers swear!
How am I curs'd! (unhappy and forlorn)
With perjury, with love, and rival's scorn!
False are the loose coquette's inveigling airs,
False is the pompous grief of youthful heirs;
False is the cringing courtier's plighted word,
False are the dice, when gamesters stamp the board;
False is the sprightly widow's public tear;
Yet these to damon's oaths are all sincere.

Fly from perfidious man, the sex disdain;
Let servile Chloe wear the nuptial chain.
Damon is practis'd in the modish life,
Can hate, and yet be civil to a wife.

He games ; he swears ; he drinks ; he fights ; he roves ;
 Yet Chloe can believe he fondly loves.
 Mistress and wife can well supply his need,
 A miss for pleasure, and a wife for breed.
 But Chloe's air is unconfin'd and gay,
 And can perhaps an injur'd bed repay ;
 Perhaps her patient temper can behold
 The rival of her love adorn'd with gold.
 Powder'd with diamonds ; free from thought and care,
 A husband's fullen humours she can bear.

Why are these sobs ? and why these streaming eyes ?
 Is love the cause ? no, I the sex despise ;
 I hate, I loathe his base perfidious name.
 Yet if he should but feign a rival flame ?
 But Chloe boasts and triumphs in my pains,
 To her he's faithful, 'tis to me he feigns.

Thus love-sick Lydia rav'd. Her maid appears ;
 A band-box in her steady hand she bears.
 How well this ribband's gloss becomes your face !
 She cries, in raptures ; then, so sweet a lace !
 How charmingly you look ! so bright ! so fair !
 'Tis to your eyes the head-dress owes its air.
 Straight Lydia smil'd ; the comb adjusts her locks,
 And at the play-house Harry keeps her box.

T H E
T E A - T A B L E.

A T O W N E C L O G U E.

D O R I S and M E L A N T H E.

Saint James's noon-day bell for pray'rs had toll'd,
And coaches to the patron's levee roll'd,
When Doris rose. And now through all the room
From flow'ry tea exhales a fragrant fume.
Cup after cup they sipt, and talk'd by fits,
For Doris here, and there Melanthe sits.
Doris was young, a laughter-loving dame,
Nice of her own alike and others fame;
Melanthe's tongue could well a tale advance,
And sooner gave, than funk a circumstance:
Lock'd in her mem'ry, secrets never dy'd;
Doris begun, Melanthe thus reply'd.

D O R I S.

Sylvia the vain fantastic fop admires,
The rake's loose gallantry her bosom fires;
Sylvia like that is vain, like this she roves,
In liking them she but herself approves.

M E L A N T H E.

Laura rails on at men, the sex reviles,
 Their vice condemns, or at their folly smiles.
 Why should her tongue in just resentment fail,
 Since men at her with equal freedom rail?

D O R I S.

Last masquerade was Sylvia nymph-like seen,
 Her hand a crook sustain'd, her dress was green;
 An am'rous shepherd led her through the croud,
 The nymph was innocent, the shepherd vow'd;
 But nymphs their innocence with shepherds trust;
 So both withdrew, as nymph and shepherd must.

M E L A N T H E.

Name but the licence of the modern stage,
 Laura takes fire, and kindles into rage;
 The whining tragic love she scarce can bear,
 But nauseous comedy ne'er shock'd her ear;
 Yet in the gallery mobb'd she sits secure,
 And laughs at jests that turn the box demure.

D O R I S.

Trust not, ye ladies, to your beauty's pow'r;
 For beauty withers like a shrivell'd flow'r;
 Yet those fair flow'rs that Sylvia's temples bind,
 Fade not with sudden blights or winter's wind;
 Like those her face defies the rolling years,
 For art her roses and her charms repairs.

M E L A N T H E.

Laura despises ev'ry outward grace,
 The wanton sparkling eye, the blooming face;
 The beauties of the soul are all her pride,
 For other beauties nature has deny'd;

If affectation show a beauteous mind,
Lives there a man to Laura's merit blind?

D O R I S.

Sylvia be sure defies the town's reproach,
Whose *dishabille* is soil'd in hackney coach;
What though the fash was clos'd, must we conclude,
That she was yielding, when her fop was rude?

M E L A N T H E.

Laura learnt caution at too dear a cost:
What fair could e'er retrieve her honour lost?
Secret she loves; and who the nymph can blame,
Who durst not own a footman's vulgar flame?

D O R I S.

Though Laura's homely taste descends so low;
Her footman well may vie with Sylvia's beau.

M E L A N T H E.

Yet why should Laura think it a disgrace,
When proud Miranda's groom wears Flander's lace?

D O R I S.

What, though for music Cynthio boasts an ear?
Robin, perhaps, can hum an opera air.
Cynthio can bow, takes snuff, and dances well,
Robin talks common sense, can write and spell:
Sylvia's vain fancy-dress and show admires,
But 'tis the man alone whom Laura fires.

M E L A N T H E.

Plato's wise morals Laura's soul improve:
And this, no doubt, must be Platonic love!
Her soul to gen'rous acts was still inclin'd;
What shows more virtue than a humble mind?

D O R I S.

What though young Sylvia love the Park's cool shade,
And wander in the dusk the secret glade?
Masqu'd and alone (by chance she met her spark);
That innocence is weak which shuns the dark.

M E L A N T H E.

But Laura for her flame has no pretence;
Her footman is a footman too in sense.
All prudes I hate, and those are rightly curst,
With scandal's double load, who censure first.

D O R I S.

And what if Cynthia Sylvia's garter ty'd!
Who such a foot and such a leg would hide;
When crook-kneed Phillis can expose to view
Her gold-clock'd stocking, and her tawdry shoe?

M E L A N T H E.

If pure devotion center in the face,
If cens'ring others shew intrinsic grace,
If guilt to public freedoms be confin'd,
Prudes (all must own) are of the holy kind!

D O R I S.

Sylvia disdains reserve, and flies constraint:
She neither is, nor would be thought a saint.

M E L A N T H E.

Love is a trivial passion, Laura cries,
May I be bless'd with friendship's stricter ties;
To such a breast all secrets we commend;
Sure the whole drawing-room is Laura's friend.

D O R I S.

At marriage Sylvia rails; who men would trust?
Yet husbands jealousies are sometimes just.

Her favours Sylvia shares among mankind,
Such gen'rous love should never be confin'd.

As thus alternate chat employ'd their tongue,
With thund'ring raps the brazen knocker rung.

Laura and Sylvia came; the nymphs arise:

This unexpected visit, Doris cries,

Is doubly kind! Melanthe Laura led;

Since I was last so blest'd my dear, she said,

Sure 'tis an age! they sat; the hour was set;

And all again that night at ombre met.

THE
FUNERAL,
A TOWN ECLOGUE.

SABINA. LUCY.

TWICE had the moon perform'd her monthly race,
Since first the veil o'ercaſt Sabina's face.

Then died the tender partner of her bed :
And lives Sabina when Fidelio's dead ?
Fidelio's dead, and yet Sabina lives :
But ſee the tribute of her tears ſhe gives ;
Their abſent lord her rooms in ſable mourn,
And all the day the glimmering tapers burn ;
Stretch'd on the couch of ſtate ſhe penſive lies,
While oft the ſnowy cambric wipes her eyes.
Now enter'd Lucy ; truſty Lucy knew
To roll a ſleeve, or bear a billet-doux ;
Her ready tongue, in ſecret ſervice try'd,
With equal fluency ſpoke truth, or ly'd ;
She well could ſuſh, or humble a gallant,
And ſerve at once as maid and confidant !
A letter from her faithful ſtays ſhe took :
Sabina ſnatch'd it with an angry look,
And thus in haſty words her grief confeſt,
While Lucy ſtrove to ſoothe her troubled breaſt.

SABINA.

What, ſtill Myrtillo's hand ! his flame I ſcorn,
Give back his paſſion with the ſeal untorn.

To break our soft repose has man a right,
 And are we doom'd to read whate'er they write?
 Not all the sex my firm resolves shall move;
 My life's a life of sorrow, not of love.
 May Lydia's wrinkles all my forehead trace,
 And Celia's paleness sicken o'er my face,
 May fops of mine, as Flavia's favours, boast,
 And coquets triumph in my honour lost;
 May cards employ my nights, and never more
 May these curs'd eyes behold a matadore!
 Break china, perish Shock, die Paroquet!
 When I Fidelio's dearer love forget.
 Fidelio's judgment scorn'd the foppish train,
 His air was easy, and his dress was plain,
 His words sincere, respect his presence drew,
 And on his lips sweet conversation grew.
 Where's wit, where's beauty, where is virtue fled?
 Alas! they're now no more; Fidelio's dead!

LUCY.

Yet when he liv'd, he wanted ev'ry grace;
 That easy air was then an awkward pace:
 Have not your sighs in whispers often said,
 His dress was slovenly, his speech ill-bred?
 Have not I heard you, with a secret tear,
 Call that sweet converse sullen and severe?
 Think not I come to take Myrtillo's part;
 Let Chloe, Daphne, Doris share his heart.
 Let Chloe's love in ev'ry ear express
 His graceful person, and genteel address.
 All well may judge what shaft has Daphne hit,
 Who suffers silence to admire his wit.
 His equipage and liv'ries Doris move,
 But Chloe, Daphne, Doris fondly love.

Sooner shall cits in fashions guide the court,
 And beaux upon the busy 'Change resort;
 Sooner the nation shall from snuff be freed,
 And fops apartments smoke with India's weed;
 Sooner I'd wish and sigh through nunn'ry grates,
 Than recommend the flame Sabina hates.

S A B I N A.

Because some widows are in haste subdu'd;
 Shall ev'ry fop upon our tears intrude?
 Can I forget my lov'd Fidelio's tongue,
 Soft as the warbling of Italian song?
 Did not his rosy lips breathe forth perfume,
 Fragrant as steams from tea's imperial bloom?

L U C Y.

Yet once you thought that tongue a greater curse
 Than squalls of children for an absent nurse,
 Have you not fancy'd in his frequent kiss
 Th' ungrateful leavings of a filthy miss?

S A B I N A.

Love, I thy pow'r defy; no second flame
 Shall ever raze my dear Fidelio's name.
 Fannia without a tear might lose her lord,
 Who ne'er enjoy'd his presence but at board,
 And why should sorrow sit on Lesbia's face?
 Are there such comforts in a sot's embrace?
 No friend, no lover is to Lesbia dead,
 For Lesbia long had known a sep'rate bed.
 Gush forth, ye tears; waste, waste, ye sighs, my breast;
 My days, my nights were by Fidelio blest!

L U C Y.

You cannot sure forget how oft you said
 His teasing fondness jealousy betray'd!

When at the play the neighb'ring box he took,
 You thought you read suspicion in his look!
 When cards and counters flew around the board,
 Have you not wish'd the absence of your lord?
 His company was then a poor pretence,
 To check the freedoms of a wife's expence?

S A B I N A.

But why should I Myrtillo's passion blame,
 Since love's a fierce involuntary flame?

L U C Y.

Could he the fallies of his heart withstand,
 Why should he not to Chloe give his hand?
 For Chloe's handsome, yet he flights her flame;
 Last night she fainted at Sabina's name.
 Why, Daphne, dost thou blame Sabina's charms?
 Sabina keeps no lover from thy arms,
 At crimp Myrtillo play'd, in kind regards
 Doris dealt love; he only dealt the cards;
 Doris was touch'd with spleen; her fan he rent,
 Flew from the tabble, and to tears gave vent.
 Why, Doris, dost thou curse Sabina's eyes?
 To her Myrtillo is a vulgar prize.

S A B I N A.

Yet say, I lov'd; how loud would censure rail!
 So soon to quit the duties of the veil!
 No; sooner plays and op'ras I'd forswear,
 And change these China jars for Tunbridge ware;
 Or trust my mother as a confidant,
 Or fix a friendship with my maiden aunt?
 Than till—to-morrow throw my weeds away.
 Yet let me see him, if he comes to-day!

THE
ESPOUSALS.

A SOBER ECLOGUE.

Between two of the People called QUAKERS.

CALEB. TABITHA.

BENEATH the shadow of a beaver hat,
Meek Caleb at a silent meeting sat :
His eye-balls oft forgot the holy trance,
While Tabitha demure return'd the glance.
The meeting ended, Caleb silence broke,
And Tabitha her inward yearnings spoke.

CALEB.

Beloved, see how all things follow love,
Lamb fondleth lamb, and dove disports with dove ;
Yet fondled lambs their innocence secure,
And none can call the turtle's bill impure ;
O fairest of our sisters, let me be
The billing dove, and fondling lamb to thee.

TABITHA.

But, Caleb, know that birds of gentle mind
Elect a mate among the sober kind,

Not the mockaws, all deck'd in scarlet pride,
 Entice their mild and modest hearts aside ;
 But thou, vain man, beguil'd by Popish shows,
 Doatest on ribbands, flounces, furbelows.
 If thy false heart be fond of tawdry dyes,
 Go, wed the painted arch in summer skies ;
 Such love will like the rainbow's hue decay,
 Strong at the first, but passeth soon away.

C A L E B.

Name not the frailties of my youthful days,
 When vice misled me through the harlot's ways ;
 When I with wanton look the sex beheld,
 And nature with each wanton look rebell'd ;
 Then party-colour'd pride my heart might move
 With lace ; the net to catch unhallow'd love.
 All such-like love is fading as the flow'r,
 Springs in a day, and withereth in an hour :
 But now I feel the 'spousal love within,
 And 'spousal love no sister holds a sin.

T A B I T H A.

I know thou longest for the flaunting maid ;
 Thy falsehood own, and say I am betray'd ;
 The tongue of man is blister'd o'er with lies,
 But truth is ever read in woman's eyes ;
 O that my lip obey'd a tongue like thine !
 Or that thine eye bewray'd a love like mine !

C A L E B.

How bitter are thy words ! forbear to tease ;
 I too might blame—but love delights to please.
 Why should I tell thee, that when last the sun
 Painted the downy peach of Newington,

Josiah led thee through the garden's walk,
 And mingled melting kisses with his talk ?
 Ah, jealousy ! turn, turn thine eyes aside,
 How can I see that watch adorn thy side ?
 For verily no gift the sisters take
 For lust of gain, but for the giver's sake.

T A B I T H A.

I own, Josiah gave the golden toy,
 Which did the righteous hand of Quare employ;
 When Caleb hath assign'd some happy day,
 I look on this, and chide the hours delay :
 And when Josiah would his love pursue,
 On this I look, and shun his wanton view.
 Man but in vain with trinkets tries to move;
 The only present love demands is love.

C A L E B.

Ah, Tabitha, to hear these words of thine,
 My pulse beats high, as if inflam'd with wine !
 When to the brethren first with fervent zeal
 The spirit mov'd thy yearnings to reveal,
 How did I joy thy trembling lip to see
 Red as the cherry from the Kentish tree;
 When extasy had warm'd thy look so meek,
 Gardens of roses blushed on thy cheek.
 With what sweet transport didst thou roll thine eyes,
 How did thy words provoke the brethren's sighs !
 Words that with holy sighs might others move ;
 But, Tabitha, my sighs were sighs of love.

T A B I T H A.

Is Tabitha beyond her wishes blest !
 Does no proud worldly dame divide thy breast ?

Then hear me, Caleb, witness what I speak,
 This solemn promise death alone can break;
 Sooner I would bedeck my brow with lace,
 And with immodest fav'rites shade my face;
 Sooner like Babylon's lewd whore be drest
 In flaring diamonds and a scarlet vest,
 Or make a curt'sy in cathedral pew,
 Than prove inconstant, while my Caleb's true.

C A L E B.

When I prove false, and Tabitha forsake,
 Teachers shall dance a jig at country-wake;
 Brethren unbeaver'd then shall bow their head,
 And with profane mince-pies our babes be fed.

T A B I T H A.

If that Josiah were with passion fir'd,
 Warm as the zeal of youth, when first inspir'd;
 In steady love though he might persevere,
 Unchanging as the decent garb we wear,
 And thou wert fickle as the wind that blows,
 Light as the feather on the head of beaux;
 Yet I for thee would all thy sex resign:
 Sisters, take all the rest——be Caleb mine.

C A L E B.

Though I had all that sinful love affords,
 And all the concubines of all the lords,
 Whose coaches creak with whoredom's sinful shame,
 Whose velvet chairs are with adult'ry lame;
 Ev'n in the harlot's hall I would not sip
 The dew of lewdness from her lying lip;
 I'd shun her paths, upon thy mouth to dwell,
 More sweet than powder which the merchants sell;

O solace me with kisses pure like thine !
 Enjoy, ye lords, the wanton concubine.
 The spring now calls us forth ; come, sister, come,
 To see the primrose and the daisy bloom.
 Let ceremony bind the worldly pair,
 Sisters esteem the brethren's word sincere.

T A B I T H A.

Espousals are but forms. O lead me hence,
 For secret love can never give offence.

Then hand in hand the loving mates withdraw ;
True love is nature unrestrain'd by law.
 This tenet all the holy sect allows ;
 So Tabitha took earnest of a spouse.

THE END OF VOLUME FIRST.



Gay, John, 1685-1732

Poems On Several Occasions

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